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THE MONTH

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The Meditations of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius.

WHEN we reflect that in the *Meditations* of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius we possess a record of the inmost thoughts upon subjects like moral truth and self-discipline entertained by a man who ruled the yet undivided Roman world, and at a period—the middle of the second century of our era—when Christianity was just entering upon a life-and-death struggle with the paganism which was so rooted into society as to seem almost part of the very nature of things; and when we remember, moreover, that this record presents in its application to daily life the system of Stoicism, one of the most remarkable of the methods devised by the unaided human reason to account for the difficulties of the world, and to train the mind for the fulfilment of the law written in the heart, the interest of such a document can scarcely be exaggerated. It is for paganism in some measure—scanty, I admit, but still the parallel is just so far as it goes—what the "Confessions" of St. Augustine are for Christianity in its still early days. I propose in the present paper to review this very curious relic of heathen morality, and I shall treat it first as throwing light on the singular character of its author; next, as possessing, in common with other writings of a similar class, a certain value in relation to the Christian philosophy of morals; and then develope its radical difference of principle, so far as it pre-supposes, and even brings into greater prominence, a view of life and of the world much the same as that which, under the name of Pantheism, has so deeply coloured the non-Catholic literature of modern times.

These *Meditations* exhibit a character and a period in which education played a very great part. The extreme prominence given to this principle belongs specially to the

declining age of States. In the vigour of the national youth, the Roman education was rather obtained in the camp and the forum than around the professor's chair. But when a citizen was no longer necessarily a soldier, and when panegyrics took the place of popular oratory, there was greater leisure for a training that had much in it that was trifling and pedantic. Still, it had much also that was solid and valuable, and however predominant the rhetorical spirit might be in the schools of the empire—as the best minds felt and lamented—it is probable that moral philosophy, such as it was, formed a much greater element in the mental discipline of those ages than it does in Europe at the present day. The teachers of the various philosophical sects—Stoic, Platonist, Peripatetic, or Epicurean, occupied in some measure the place of the clergy in a Christian country, and handed down in a fixed shape the systems respectively attributed to their founders. Each of these schools, except the last, which was more favoured by the vulgar than by the really cultivated, was represented in the long list of the instructors of Marcus Aurelius. In the first book of his *Meditations*, which we may compare with his "Life," by Capitolinus, he reviews the various benefits he believed he had derived from the example and lessons of the friends and teachers of his youth. It is noticeable that Diognetus stands first, whom we find, from the above-mentioned authority, to have been his drawing-master. He says nothing, when speaking of him, concerning any advantages in relation to art, but declares that he learned from him not to attach importance to trifling subjects; to distrust the talk of pretenders to magic, about incantations, and the expulsion of demons; not to indulge in a fancy for quail-fighting (the cock-fighting of antiquity), or similar amusements; to bear plain speaking, to become familiar with philosophy, and to affect the hard couch and the fur cloak of the Stoics. We find, however, from a remarkable passage elsewhere (iii. 2), that he had not studied painting without some effect. Observing the attraction and grace which belong to the productions of nature, independent of, and beyond their mere utility, as examples of these he mentions, oddly, the ragged

appearance of the crust of baked bread, the clefts in ripe figs, the colour of olives ready to fall from the tree, the waving of corn, the knitted brow of the lion, the foam of the wild boar, the beauty of its own which belongs to old age as well as to youth, and remarks that, "The real gaping mouths of wild beasts are not less pleasant to behold than the imitations of them by painters or sculptors." We evidently discern here a man who has learned to study nature with the vision imparted by art alone, which throws upon nature a lustre invisible to the untrained observer.

From Rusticus, one of the Stoic professors, the Emperor acknowledges that he derived the idea of the necessity of correcting and cultivating the moral character, and of not yielding to the sophistical taste, or composing declamations on the stock subjects, or making a display of asceticism, or devoting himself to rhetoric, poetry, or the niceties of composition. The same philosopher communicated to him the "Memoirs" of Epictetus, which so clearly had a great influence on his mind. The lesson of Apollonius, another of the Stoic preceptors, who principally moulded his mind, was freedom, firmness, the constant reference to the rule of reason, equanimity in affliction, and a living example of the possibility of uniting gentleness with intensity and force. Sextus (a Platonist, and grandson of Plutarch) gave him the notion—of which we shall have much to say presently—of living according to nature, afforded a pattern of gentleness and tolerance of the vulgar, taught him the method of collecting rules for the conduct of life, and the combination of perfect freedom from passion with the strongest sense of natural affection. It would be fatiguing to go through all the points for which he felt himself indebted to his masters; and to say the truth, whilst admitting the grateful disposition all this shows, it is to me the least pleasing part of the book. The writer appears quite as much to be praising himself on the assumed possession of the virtues he recounts, as to be acknowledging the merits of those from whom he obtained them. Before quitting the subject of his teachers, I may notice the wonderful predominance of philosophical studies in the

education of the time. Capitolinus gives a list of no fewer than thirteen tutors of Marcus Aurelius in the latter part of his youth, corresponding to our University education. Among them six are philosophers, one jurist, three Greek rhetoricians, and one Latin. But mathematical studies are only mentioned in connection with the first elements, and so far he learned music and geometry from a teacher named Andron. To the list of Capitolinus we may add, from Marcus Aurelius himself, three other philosophical lecturers, to whose classes he was introduced by Diognetus. Therefore Marcus Aurelius is eminently an example of a ruler belonging to the class which Lord Bacon denominates "pedants"—that is, men who were trained for practical life in the habits of the schools. He retained so much of the tastes thus imbibed, that even when in the purple he attended philosophical lectures. In modern, or in contemporary times, James I. affords an unfavourable example of the type; the late Prince Consort a better one. And perhaps the latter may serve to illustrate the character of our present subject, as deriving even his religious bent from the influence of philosophical schools, which were not without an effect on the tone given by him to English education of the higher order.

The natural disposition, and the ways of thought and daily life which we find displayed in the *Meditations*, are extremely attractive, and lead us to conclude that the writer must have had a single-minded and affectionate spirit, a profound conscientiousness, an habitual tendency to reflect with gratitude upon the good which he had received, and to try to draw the useful lesson from adversity which it was intended to convey to him. The simplicity with which he thanks the gods for the submissiveness and tenderness of his wife, who, unless she is very much belied by history, was one of the most profligate women in Rome, and who ended by setting up a rival against him, whom she offered to marry in the event of his death, has drawn almost more contempt than admiration upon the philosophic Emperor, as if he affronted common sense by such charity. But we can little doubt that he recorded what was the good side of her character

as he saw it, or what it might have been, rather than actually was. One of the greatest maxims of his philosophy was, not to make reflections beyond the surface. In general, he believed himself especially fortunate in his relations. "From the gods," he observes, "I have received good grandfathers, good parents, a good sister, good masters, good kinsfolk and connections, and friends—almost everything good." Such expressions witness to great good on the part of him who utters them, because seeing relations and intimate friends continually, we have every opportunity of perceiving the weak and faulty parts of their character, which naturally would fix themselves more on the memory and feelings than the good ones, unless there were present that native sweetness which leads the observer to follow the golden rule—

> Be to their faults a little blind,
> Be to their virtues very kind.

And surely if there is any one feature which expresses true beauty of soul, it is the disposition to gratitude which we see in so many pages of the *Meditations;* just as the opposite defect, as it is one of the commonest, is also one of the most odious flaws which the temper can exhibit.

Perhaps most religious diaries, in which class the *Meditations* must certainly be placed, have been written by persons either young, or comparatively so. The settled form which years give to the habits, is against the sway of emotions of which such papers are generally the chronicle, and the experience of life of itself teaches the lesson which some Oriental prince is said to have had engraved upon his ring, as applicable to all kinds of fortune—"And this also shall pass away." Conscious of their transience, the more advanced mind is careless to register the clouds or the sunshine of the hour. But the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius evidently belong principally to the period when his years had begun to decline; and to this cause, as well as to natural temperament, we may assign the calmness, the forbearing disposition which they everywhere evince, as also the prevailing feeling they show that the writer has not much time left him to complete that ideal character to

which it was his life-long struggle to attain. Many a mind slackens its efforts as it approaches the goal, or strangely values time less the less there is left of it. We may be ashamed if we find that the conclusions of reason fixed upon a heathen mind the opposite truth more firmly than perhaps we consciously possess it. "Remember," says Marcus Aurelius to himself, "for how long a time thou hast been delaying these things, and how often, when fixed times have been assigned thee by the gods, thou hast not obeyed them. But at last surely thou oughtest to perceive of what a universe thou art a part, and from what ruler of the universe thou art an emanation; and that a limit of time has been marked out for thee, which if thou use not to gain brightness and purity it will be gone, and thou wilt be gone, and never again will it come to thee." And with the same consciousness of the probable shortness of time that remains he exclaims, "Dishonour, dishonour thyself, O soul! for thou wilt soon have no more opportunity to do thyself honour. Each man's life is enough for him, and thine is nearly exhausted in not reverencing thyself, but in placing thy well-being in the opinions of others." In another place he says, "Waste not what remains to you of life in fancies about other people, where in so doing you do not act for some general good." On the other hand, whilst he feels that for moral action the remnant of years he still looks forward to ought to be valued the more even in proportion to their scantiness, he is convinced that much with which earlier life might have reasonably amused itself, must now be resolutely relinquished. "Deceive yourself no longer, for you are never going to review either your memoirs, or the histories of the old Greeks and Romans, or the extracts from treatises which you reserved for your old age. Hasten then to the end, and leaving empty hopes help yourself, if you care aught for yourself as you should do." He seems, in fact, to have been a person more remarkable for moral depth and greatness than for brilliancy of talent, forcible and striking as his style is made by his energy of purpose. He mentions amongst the things for which he ought to be grateful that he had not made great progress in rhetoric, and poetry, and other

studies, because they would probably have absorbed him if he had perceived that he was successfully advancing in them. In alluding to the energy of purpose he displays, I observe that his writings give one the impression of a mind that has greatly strengthened itself by long-continued moral discipline. There are wills that nature has made strong; that of Marcus Aurelius was probably more tenacious than strong, and its vigour was due to the continual repetition of resolutions in spite of failure. A remarkable sentence will illustrate this observation. "Every hour determine strongly, as becomes a Roman and a man, to do the work that comes before thee with exact and unfeigned seriousness, and kindness, and freedom, and justice, and set thyself at rest from all other imaginations. And so thou wilt, if thou workest each action as if it was the last of thy life, remote from all levity and passionate turning-aside from the dictation of reason, and from hypocrisy, and selfishness, and discontent with the things ordained by fate to accompany thy existence."

Considering the extreme corruption of Roman society at that period, to which even the court of an Emperor politically so respectable as Hadrian—in which he was brought up—was no exception, it is an interesting question how far the philosophical principles which Marcus Aurelius had imbibed even in his childhood, had preserved him pure in his early years. The *Meditations* do not throw much light upon this. He thanks the gods that on certain occasions he had been saved from yielding to immorality, and that subsequently, when under the influence of passions of that description, he had retained his sobriety of mind —a passage not very clear, though it may mean that he had still been enabled to control himself. Yet we ought not, from partiality to so interesting a character, to suppose that this necessarily implies a purity corresponding to that which Christianity would demand, for we find in fact, towards the end of his life, that he lived with a concubine, to avoid bringing a step-mother upon his numerous family. However beautiful and touching may be the efforts at self-improvement of a mind placed in a position of which the world now affords no example, and of the temptations

of which we can consequently form but an imperfect conception, we must not forget that Marcus Aurelius was a heathen, and the singularity of his character is that he could possibly have attained to the elevation he did, not that in certain particulars he was either more enlightened or more virtuous than other great names which heathenism can produce. In religion he accepted simply the system he found around him, and not, as many did, merely as a statesman. He believed that he received suggestions—nay, even all but direct instruction, from his gods, and that remedies had been communicated to him in dreams to cure ailments to which he was liable—spitting of blood and dizziness of the head. He kept golden images of his deceased teachers in his private chapel, and honoured their tombs with sacrifices and flowers. At the early age of eight, he had already been admitted into the College of the Salii; he attained in that priesthood to the various degrees of *præsul*, *vates*, and *magister*, and was able to perform the ceremonies of inaugurating and exaugurating members of that establishment without a prompter, having learned by heart all the sacred verses required for those occasions. We may mention, for the benefit of the unlearned or oblivious reader, that these Salii were instituted by Numa for the custody of a certain shield believed to have fallen from heaven, and that the verses sung by them in their solemn processions had, long before the days of Marcus Aurelius, become so obsolete that the most learned antiquarians of Rome could only guess at their meaning. He sought from the Senate the honours of deification for his wife Faustina, to whose faults, as we have seen, he was so charitably blind. Lastly, as is well known, he authorised or permitted atrocious persecutions against the Christians. I shall presently consider the view to be taken of this part of his conduct. But the general question of the value of his writings to us comes first in order.

The answer is the same that must be given to similar inquiries as to the place any other heathen philosopher—Greek, Roman, Chinese, or Indian—ought to hold in the estimation of Christians. There are persons who would

contend that all these studies may be considered as superseded by revelation and the literature founded upon it, and that, having Thomas à Kempis, it is idle to open Marcus Aurelius. With them I should agree, if Thomas à Kempis and Marcus Aurelius were read for precisely the same purpose, as helps to devotion. The fact that St. Thomas Aquinas cites Aristotle in every page is quite enough to show that there is something mistaken in such sweeping conclusions. If Marcus Aurelius and authors like him are applied with a direct reference to Christian ethics, I conceive that a part of their use would depend on the principle that Christian ethics are rules invariably coincident with right reason. Now, to prove this, it would clearly be a valuable argument, to show that human reason, totally uninfluenced by revelation, had declared the same principles, with certain flaws which it is easy to recognise and account for. It is a proof that the moral law is written in man's heart, if its traces, and more than its traces, can be there clearly exhibited; not to mention the lesson conveyed to us, if its obligations were so earnestly acknowledged by people under disadvantages so great. Hence there is nothing to surprise us if we are occasionally reminded even of the writings of the Saints in a book like the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius, because if he were a man of good sense and right feeling, according to his knowledge, there could not but be this affinity. The heathen Emperor, in the striking passage I have quoted above, mournfully taunts his soul with the dishonour it does itself in yielding to temptation. The Blessed John Berchmans exclaims, "How canst thou take pleasure, O my soul, in saying or doing anything which thou wilt have to mourn over afterwards in the solitude of thy chamber?"

What I have now stated is, however, what may be called the controversial use of such books, and principally comes into play as against persons in the present day who are disposed to deny the moral law. I conceive, however, a further utility is derivable from such studies, and this is the same in kind which is looked for from Christian treatises of the same class upon moral philosophy and jurisprudence—

such, for example, as the work of the Jesuit Solimani, with which objectors such as those I have noticed must, if they were consistent, feel a similar difficulty; and the same, remark applies to a very large part of all the great structures of Catholic theology in the department of scientific morality. To what end need we search into the laws of conduct if the one rule, "All for the greater glory of God," suffices for happiness and justice? Again we reply, that the greater glory of God itself is served by actions that are rational, and it is therefore necessary, especially for minds marked out by their constitution for such researches, but for all in their degree, to know what makes an action rational, and, knowing it, to apply that knowledge to the supreme principle I have alleged. Reason can tell me what a virtuous action must be materially. What remains is to offer this action to the greater glory of God, and make it thus supernatural. For this philosophy the unlearned have not far to seek, for it is embodied in the Catechism, and it is the glory of the Catholic Church that she has made that possible and easy to a child or a peasant which it required very deep thinking indeed on the part of the most exalted minds of antiquity, distantly to approach.

In the supernatural element, as might be expected (and this brings us to the third point of the present paper), human reason failed, and nothing is more marked even in Marcus Aurelius, than the careful limitation of his moral action as a homage to Nature. There are two things which we may conceive all thoughtful men desiring to have cleared up to them. One is how to bear the evils with which life is evidently full; the other how to act so as to ensure for themselves the happiness for which their whole being craves. The first of these two desiderata, Marcus Aurelius, following his Stoic teachers, sought to supply by perhaps three leading rules or principles. One was, that it is impossible for anything external really to hurt one. The evil he regarded as arising, not from the event itself, which lay tranquilly without, and was in its itself indifferent, but in our impression, our reflection about it. Cast away the reflection, take the matter as one of the countless facts of the great system of things, and the evil

would vanish. Another was, that all things were simply natural, like the cluster of grapes upon the vine, like the juice with which autumn fills the ripe fig. Death, like birth, was the work of Nature, the dissolution of that which had been combined. To quarrel with Nature's work was to be a child. As to what took place beyond death, he cared not to inquire, resting content with the belief that if there was aught beyond it, that further order of things was still Nature. There too, as here, there were gods, the gods themselves being, in the Stoical view, only a part of the very Nature they controlled. Once more, Nature was the same with Fate, a system of things carried on by an endless chain of causation, the events of to-day having been brought about by a series of other events, reaching back into the infinities of the past. Of all this it was idle to complain, but, on the contrary, the wise man was to receive with his whole heart the things ordained by Fate to accompany his existence. This existence, after all, was but a point in the gulf of time which preceded and followed it, was not worth serious anxiety if it were protracted or cut short, because in losing it man lost neither what went before nor what came after, but only that instant of time which disappeared with his last sigh. As to happiness, that was to be gained by acting according to the will of Nature—that is, the sovereign reason, the dictates of the conscience seated supreme within the soul, and which was to be held in reverence as itself a god.

It must be unnecessary to point out that in following Nature, the Stoics by no means understood the word to authorise the indulgence of the passions. They regarded the passions as so many false opinions, which it was the business of reason to correct; but they distinguished the sensual passions as more degrading than that of anger, because in the former the soul seemed to err more by its own fault and its own temptation; in the latter there was a greater show of reason to justify the fall. As a perpetual reference to Nature reigned through their moral system, they regarded the universe, the κόσμος, as a kind of commonwealth, the assemblage of rational beings, where the conduct of each was to be directed by the view of the

well-being of the whole, and nothing could be good for the individual which was not for the good of the community As evil was avoided by abstaining from any unnecessary reflection upon events, so the perfection of good demanded a simplicity, of which Nature furnished the type. The bee labours without boasting, or even thinking of her finished work; the emerald flings its green radiance in the sunlight without the power of imagining its own beauty. Virtuous action, as far as possible, was to be as unthinking of itself as these unconscious producers or products in the great system of things.

Probably this will suffice, to the Catholic reader, as at once a statement of the theory which underlies the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius, and an answer to it. But it would perhaps surprise one who has not studied the ethics of antiquity, if the great mass of good sense, good feeling, and practical wisdom could be placed before him, which is embodied in the maxims forming a very large portion of the work. In truth there is nothing surprising in it, because their error consists, not in being conformable to nature, which, rightly understood, must conform to sound reason, but in supposing throughout that human ends are limited by nature; in deifying the sum-total of nature's forces, and in ignoring the action of a personal divine will, and the being of an infinite personal God. Their views might be illustrated by that of a person who should rest content with obeying the law of the land, and hold that no other laws exist having power over his conscience. Such a person, so far as he went, but no further, might speak with great prudence and wisdom, because human law aims at expressing reason, and reason is part of the creation of God. In order to complete this description I have attempted, I will subjoin a few of the more striking passages to which I have just alluded. Speaking of the possibility of keeping the mind undisturbed by the misconduct of others, Marcus Aurelius says, "They kill, they butcher, they curse. What is all this to the intellect's abiding pure, self-possessed, temperate, and just? even as if one standing by a sweet and transparent fountain were to utter abuse against it, and it ceased not to

pour forth its salutary waters. And if one cast mud or filth therein, it would speedily dissipate and wash it away, and would in nowise be stained by it. How then shalt thou have an ever-flowing spring, and not a cistern? Grow every hour into freedom, united with gentleness, simplicity, and modesty." Another sentence: "If he sinned, with him is the evil. But perhaps he sinned not." Nine rules of conduct:—(1.) We are born for the sake of each other. (2.) Consider what others are in their retirement, and the ideas by which they are possessed. [A contemptuous way of excusing or tolerating the offences of others which Marcus Aurelius more than once puts forward.] (3.) Every soul is deprived of truth against its will. [A rule derived by Stoicism from the Socratic ethics, which ascribed all sin to ignorance.] (4.) You yourself are often like those who offend you. (5.) You do not know for certain that they are doing wrong. Many things must be known before a certain judgment can be made of the actions of another. (6.) Man's life is but momentary. Soon we shall all leave the scene. This reflection to be made when you are under great indignation or annoyance. (7.) Not their actions annoy us, but our impressions about those actions. (8.) Anger and vexation are far worse evils than the things which cause anger and vexation. (9.) Gentleness is invincible, if it is genuine and not a piece of acting (*Meditations*, xi. 16).

If, in addition to the foregoing considerations, we notice that in the Stoical system the human will was all-powerful for the attainment of virtue, that sins once committed fell into the region of the past, and therefore, like all things out of our own control, became matters of indifference, we shall be at no loss to understand the radical opposition between Stoicism and Christianity. Stoicism could not but be offended with Christianity, because it already professed to meet the difficulties of life upon principles which Christianity directly contradicted, and therefore felt the latter as a new and formidable opponent on grounds it imagined peculiarly its own. Stoicism professed itself the interpreter of nature, Christianity proclaimed the Author of nature; the one flattered enormously the pride of

intellect and will, the other placed humility at the basis of its entire system, and yet enabled the most ignorant to far more than rival the feats of endurance achieved by the loftiest of the Stoical sages. Stoicism therefore took the line of ignoring Christianity intellectually, and, in the only passage of the *Meditations* in which Marcus Aurelius alludes to the phenomenon which was then filling the whole atmosphere around him, he ascribes the resolution with which the Christians met death to the mere mechanical organisation by which soldiers in line of battle fill up the places of the slain—(κατὰ ψιλὴν παράταξιν), "in virtue of a mere marshalling" (*Meditations*, xi. 3). We can imagine the coldness with which he received the reports of the persecutions which he set in motion, when this was the predetermined view upon which he was to account for deeds of heroism of which the world was not worthy. And how strange it is to imagine that coldness when we recal the real beauty of so much we have adverted to in his writings, or those calm, serious, gentle, and cultivated features familiar to us from his numerous busts and coins! The contrast deserves to be studied by those who would thoroughly understand the nature of the conflict of which in his day the pagan side was embodied in Marcus Aurelius.

O.

CHAPTER XXXI.

HOLY SATURDAY.

No feast of the early Church was kept so solemnly as that of Easter, the queen of festivals—the seal of the work of Redemption. In the lapse of time one of the principal solemnities of this sacred season, the baptism of the Catechumens, was no longer reserved for it: not this only, but all the ceremonies which are now performed on the morning of Holy Saturday (namely, the blessing of the fire, of the Paschal candle, and of the font), took place in the times of which we speak, in the Easter night.

At first, the Church was quite dark. All the candles were extinguished, and even the perpetual lights burned no longer before the altar. Was not Jesus lying in His Sepulchre? was not the frightened guilty world wrapt in the shadow of death? and the hearts of men, were they not trembling in anxious doubt and in the consciousness of sin? All these feelings were expressed by the low monotone, in which, through the darkness, the penitential psalms were sung. But the gates of the grave are burst; the fire of Charity is kindled—a candle, lit at the newly blessed fire outside the church, is borne in in solemn procession, and greeted in glad humility with the threefold repetition of the words, "The light of Christ!" The feeling of almost painful expectation is relieved; all breathe more freely.

The Light of the world has not set: divine Love has conquered death, and henceforth will live and work behind material veils in this world of decay and death. Its symbol is the Paschal candle, it is lighted, it burns—and now bursts forth a hymn of triumphant praise, bidding all angels and all men join in singing the triumph of the Divine Charity. And what is the crowning work of that Divine Charity? Is it not that mysterious union of the Incarnate God with His cleansed and reconciled creatures, which is accomplished in the Sacraments of

Baptism and the Holy Eucharist? And, see! the Catechumens follow each other, in long lines, first the women, then the men, to the baptistery: sometimes there are thousands of them after their baptism they receive the white robe of the neophytes, and the Bread of Life Everlasting. Such were the beautiful and solemn ceremonies which filled the Easter night; and then came the joy and the glory of Easter Day. This year, the devotion with which the faithful were expecting the festival was disturbed by painful feelings of anxiety. It was known that on the morning of Holy Saturday the Emperor had gone to Sta. Sophia, and finding the Patriarch there had sent him an order to withdraw, and that Chrysostom had refused. Then—and to what a pitch must the hatred and power of his enemies have risen, for such a thing to be possible—the Patriarch had been surrounded by certain persons of the Emperor's suite and conducted to his palace. Would he venture to perform the ceremonies of the night? and, if so, would he be allowed to do it without interruption?

Olympias, Procla, and Pentadia had succeeded in inspiring their catechumens with so deep a spirit of contrition and devotion, that they awaited the time in holy tranquillity, undisturbed by the alarming reports which had reached even them in their seclusion. "I am about to be a Christian," Flora said,—"I cannot think of anything else."

Gunilda half envied the quiet simple child, who was so entirely dead to the external world. Such a state was harder for her to attain. Even when one lives *in* the world, without being *of* it, it is nearly impossible to keep the soul free from its fetters and entanglements. Still they were but passing clouds that dimmed the sun of her joy, and with a strong will she turned from all the crowding recollections of her father, her people, and the Empress; and also from all thoughts of the dangers of the Church, and of her own desolate position. "I have always felt alone," she said to herself, "alone and homeless, ever since I was capable of feeling: and if I am to be actually homeless, and lonely as to external circumstances also, the God of mercy will make it easier and easier for me to cling closer to Him, and to follow Him on the way which His love and wisdom have chosen for me."

Eugenius profited by the general excitement in the city to form a plan for carrying off Gunilda. There would be no difficulty, in the present state of feeling, in occasioning a tumult on some pretence or other. The enemies of the Patri-

arch had succeeded in introducing bodies of freshly levied Thracian soldiers into Constantinople, commanded by a general who shared their sentiments. His name was Lucius, and he was a friend of Eugenius, and ready to help him in his design. The time chosen for its accomplishment was the night of Holy Saturday. Eugenius had been urgent with his uncle, the aged Arsacius, to put the finishing stroke to matters, and so to end this unnatural state of things, in which a deposed Patriarch still occupied the chair of his cathedral, and which would infallibly result in a scandalous schism. This audacious Chrysostom set the Emperor at defiance, and openly gave out that force alone should tear him from his church—therefore force must be used, and he must be taken away from the city as soon as possible.

"All very well; but where is he to be taken? has the Augusta decided that point?" asked Arsacius.

"From what I hear, he is to be banished to Lesser Armenia."

"To the foot of Mount Taurus?—on my word, a dreary abode!"

"Oh, no," sneered Eugenius, "not for such a lover of the ascetic life; he will find plenty of opportunities for mortifying the flesh. But, reverend Sir, the execution of the imperial orders rests with you, the arch-priest of Constantinople, and the true occupant of the patriarchal throne."

"Very true, my son, but the imperial orders have been known to change."

"All the more reason why they should be quickly obeyed," urged Eugenius.

"And what if the step which is praised for wisdom to-day, should be reviled as sacrilegious to-morrow?" asked the timid old man.

"The step will have been taken, and that is the main thing."

"I tell you, my son, it may cost me the patriarchal chair!" said Arsacius. "Anything is possible to the Augusta's caprice."

"I must beg you, venerable Father, to consider seriously what I will now tell you in the strictest confidence," said Eugenius pointedly. "Bishop Severian, of Gabala, stands high in the favour of the Empress."

"And he deserves to do so," replied Arsacius; "for his courage and perseverance make him a valuable support to the cause of which the illustrious Augusta is the head."

"And do you know, reverend Sir, that the illustrious Augusta has no more earnest wish than to see Severian the successor of Chrysostom?"

"I have heard it said, my son: and I have only to say that I highly esteem the Bishop of Gabala, and share the feelings with which the exalted Augusta regards him: but she will never venture on the step of which you speak."

"I should like to know what she will not venture on, when she is in the humour," answered Eugenius impatiently.

"She will not venture to appoint a bishop who has never lost his Syrian accent, as preacher in Sta. Sophia," said Arsacius with solemn emphasis.

"I tell you, venerable Father," cried Eugenius in an irritated voice, "that if once Bishop Severian is our Patriarch, he will be more engaged in State affairs than in preaching; and I must take the liberty of telling you further, that both he and the Augusta will see in your hesitation, not only the weakness of old age, but sympathy with Chrysostom, and a lack of loyalty to the Cæsar Augustus."

"A lack of loyalty to the Cæsar Augustus!" faltered Arsacius.

"Yes, and to the Augusta herself."

"But, my son," said Arsacius nervously, "why did you not say this at first? You mentioned this thing, and that thing, and left out the most important of all. Such a terrible thing as the suspicion you speak of must be annihilated without delay. Go at once to our friend Anthemius, and get him to give you an order placing the Thracians at your disposal, and then—do what is necessary with all possible speed. And now—away with you! there is no time to lose."

Full of secret triumph, Eugenius hastened to the Prefect of the Palace with the welcome tidings that there must be no delay in apprehending Chrysostom, as it could not be allowed that the solemn offices of Easter should be performed by a deposed Patriarch. "Let me have the Thracian troops for the purpose, illustrious Anthemius," said Eugenius in conclusion: "they are foreigners, and for the most part pagans, so they have no sympathies either with the people or the Patriarch."

"Well," answered Anthemius, "as you know what has to be done, you may have the Thracians. But you must remember that they are a rough lot, and I hope you will avoid all unnecessary bloodshed."

"There shall not be a drop of blood spilt," said Eugenius: "we can accomplish our purpose without that."

It was three hours past midnight, and the Cathedral of Sta. Sophia was full to overflowing. The Paschal candle was lighted:

the priests were chanting the psalms, and the faithful joining. It was evident that the baptism of the female catechumens was nearly over, for the deacons were already in the sanctuary preparing the altar for giving Holy Communion. With feelings of pious emotion the faithful awaited the happy white-robed band, who were to pass from one Sacrament to the other. Suddenly there was a stir in the crowd. The neophytes are coming! But no—the faint murmur becomes a loud noise: there is the tramp of heavy feet—the clank of steel—now it is in the outer court, now in the vestibule: nearer it comes, and nearer: and now the fierce Thracian soldiers are rushing into the House of God. The confusion was fearful, some wanting to fly, some to stay, and others to hide themselves in the side chapels. Soon wailings, loud lamentations, and shrieks of terror were mingled with the oaths and execrations of the Thracians, who pressed on with drawn swords and lowered lances, to force a path through the crowd. The scene became terrible: fainting, bleeding, wounded persons blocked up the way of those who were trying to escape; mothers were seeking to protect their children, husbands their wives. Still the soldiers press forward—now they are in the sanctuary—they seize priests and deacons indiscriminately, for the chance that Chrysostom, to whom they are strangers, may be among them. Then they snatch the sacred vessels, a splendid booty, from the altar. A second troop has entered the baptistery! Lucius led it himself, for he thought it likely that the Patriarch would be there, and he did not wish him to fall into the rude hands of his men. Close to Lucius was a young soldier, who seemed to bear his arms awkwardly, and to be more occupied in giving directions than in following them. The baptism was just over as the intruders broke in. The white-robed band, just about to enter the Church, now shrank back, terrified, into the baptistery, or into the adjoining apartments in which they had prepared themselves for the sacred ceremony, clustering round the Patriarch, like helpless lambs around their shepherd. The men, who had hitherto been waiting in rooms assigned to them, now came pouring in. They flung themselves against the advancing soldiery in the hope of overpowering them by their numbers, and keeping them from reaching the priests and the women. But the Thracians used their arms, and blood flowed, flowed into the font itself! At that sight of horror some priests and deacons interposed between the armed and the defenceless, they, too, were wounded, while still the soldiers struggled on to reach Chrysostom, who

stood at some little distance surrounded by a compact mass of priests and veiled women.

"That is he!" shouted Lucius: "the little man with the mitre—seize him!" In an instant a woman's hand had snatched the mitre from the Patriarch's head.

"That was *her* hand! *she* did that!" cried the young soldier who stood by Lucius.

"Who?—what?" asked the latter.

"Seize the Patriarch! the excommunicated traitor!" exclaimed the soldier, struggling madly to reach the tall, slight, closely veiled figure standing so calmly behind Chrysostom. He well knew that proud tranquillity, that noble bearing, that fearless spirit. Seeing none but her he forced his way on, followed by some of the soldiers, who thrust the women on one side, or to the ground, as it happened, with their spears. He noticed nothing else: he did not see one of the troop aim a violent blow at the Patriarch, nor how a woman threw herself before him and received the stroke—nor how, with a sobbing groan, she fell—but he did see how the tall form he was watching bent forward, either to shield Chrysostom, or to support the fallen woman. At the same moment Lucius reached the Patriarch, and his eager companion *his* prey. He caught her in his arms, hastened through a side entrance into an inner court, and placed her, half dead with terror, in a closed litter, whose bearers were waiting for him. The bearers bore off the litter, and the man returned to the desecrated church, to make sure that Lucius had the Patriarch in safe custody. He found that this was the case: and now that the soldiers were gone, the confusion of the crowd was gradually subsiding. The male catechumens were conducted by some of the priests to the Baths of Constantius, and there this multitude of men and youths were baptised. The wounded men were being carried out of the church, the blood washed from the floor, the broken vessels and torn garments cleared away. Involuntarily he shuddered at the sight. Then, from the baptistery, came a number of women, four of them carrying between them a large linen sheet, on which lay a veiled, dead form. The soldier turned away: "Horrible," he muttered, "if a woman should really have been killed! But why did they not keep out of the way? we were only concerned with him and her!"

As the mournful procession passed by, he heard one of the women say, "Poor child!" "Do not pity her," said another, "to pass from this world in all the spotless glory of baptismal

grace—O do not pity such a highly favoured soul!" "Who was she? Is she not very young?" "She was fifteen years old, her name was Flora, the daughter of a neighbour of mine, a cruel, grasping old usurer, called Dioscorus." "To think of such a fair lily blooming in such a soil!" "Yes—thanks to that fairest of lilies, the Lily among thorns, the Queen of Virgins."

The listener rushed from the Church. He could not silence the inward voice which kept whispering—"This murder lies at your door: all these crimes are on your head."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FIRE IN SANTA SOPHIA.

The news of the preceding events had not reached the Palace of Constantine, when very early in the morning, Arsacius arrived, urging the Emperor to sign the decree of banishment at once, and so prevent the schismatic Chrysostom from celebrating the Easter Festival. Arcadius would willingly have put off the evil day: and as usual he hesitated. Then Eudoxia said: "Even if you had not, in his presence, yesterday, given orders to conduct him out of Sta. Sophia, illustrious Emperor, this delay would not be wise or desirable: but, as things are, it seems to me simply impossible. Having on good grounds, forbidden him to enter the church, it follows that he must be banished from the city; for Constantinople is his residence only on account of the church. We must not leave our good people shepherdless, and the venerable Arsacius can officiate as arch-priest till he receives episcopal consecration."

Arcadius took the document in silence, signed the decree, and gave it to Patricius, his private secretary, who hastened with it to the Palace of the Patriarch. Every entrance was guarded by the Thracians, to prevent any attempt at flight. In the Palace itself all was quiet, and Patricius found the Patriarch in earnest conversation with two bishops of Ionia. Courtier as the secretary was, he was involuntarily impressed by the simple dignity of Chrysostom, and it was with great respect that he presented the document of which he was the bearer, and stammered out a few words of regret. Chrysostom read the decree calmly, handed it to one of the bishops, and said with quiet dignity to Patricius: "I request you to tell the illustrious Cæsar Augustus that I will immediately leave this house,

and the city also, as soon as I have taken leave of my clergy in the church, that I will then take ship for Bithynia, and thence proceed to Lesser Armenia. There, as here, I shall esteem it a sacred duty to pray for God's grace and blessing on him and his." "Oh, do not lament for me," he said, after Patricius had taken leave, and his two friends could not restrain the expression of their grief, "can I not offer myself to God as well at the foot of Caucasus as on the shores of the Bosphorus? If I could not, then, indeed, you might bewail my lot. Come now, and help me to make my farewells, which I should like to be short and quiet."

In the ante-chamber Serapion met him, bathed in tears. After the events of the night, every one was prepared for the news of which the secretary was the bearer, and several priests and bishops were waiting in the spacious apartments attached to the sacristy, to take leave of Chrysostom. All were deeply moved; and he himself could scarcely restrain his feelings at the thought of that beloved flock which he must now leave to the care of a hireling, and to the assaults of ferocious wolves. In a few earnest words he commended all to God, and himself to their prayers, and then, with tears in his eyes, passed into another room, where some noble and pious ladies were waiting for his last blessing. With the deaconesses Pentadia, Procla, and Olympias, came Salviana, the daughter of a Mauritanian prince, and a relative of Arcadius, who lived in the court a life of self-denying strictness, and was the friend and companion of saints. They knelt before him, kissing his feet and the hem of his robe, but none of them could speak for sorrow. "Be comforted!" said the calm affectionate voice, "how could you expect, you who have put worldly things under your feet, to pass a quiet and untroubled life on earth? How could you practise patience and resignation, how could you earn their recompense, in a life without thorns and suffering? Like material gold, the gold of the spirit must be tried by fire. Weep not for me—and weep not for yourselves—but for them who have wrought all this evil." He gave them his blessing, and went quickly into the Church to pass a few moments before the altar. Then he left it by a side-door, where Lucius and his Thracians awaited him; and so, accompanied by the two Ionian bishops, who refused to leave him, went quickly and quietly to the harbour, and embarked for Bithynia. It was his last farewell—his last sight of Constantinople: for he died, soon after, worn out with trials and sufferings, in his place of banishment.

At about nine o'clock in the forenoon, Arsacius, accompanied by Severian and a brilliant retinue, set out for Sta. Sophia, to perform the solemn Easter offices, and to await the imperial pair who were to assist at them. But there was a death-like stillness all round! Not a soul was in the court or the portico, and when the doors of the church had to be opened, they were found bolted on the inside, as if to exclude the intruders. Arsacius turned to Florus: "You must go through the north court, and the sacristy-door—that can soon be got open, even if it is fastened—and open the great doors for us. You know your way about here: take some people with you, and see that nothing is injured."

Florus hastened to obey, and Arsacius and Severian walked up and down together: the former expressing his surprise at the deserted appearance of the place.

"It seems to me easily explained," said Severian with his cold sarcastic smile: "The people were driven out last night, and Chrysostom this morning—who is left to be here?"

"What will the Cæsar Augustus say, when he finds the church empty?" said Arsacius dolefully. "Will he not think that all piety has departed with Chrysostom? Could not these Thracians drive some people in?"

"No doubt they might do so: but thousands of the people, they say, have followed Chrysostom's priests into the country, in order to avoid coming into contact with us on the festival. They seem determined on making a schism, and refusing to acknowledge you."

"The rebels!—disloyal to the Church and the Emperor!" and Arsacius raised his hands to Heaven, as if to appeal against such a crime.

Severian's answer was never made, for he and his companion were startled by a loud cry of horror. The great door had just been opened wide: Florus and his companions rushed out, white with fear: the choir of the church was in flames.

"Fire! fire in the cathedral!" passed from mouth to mouth. "The wretches!" cried Severian. "Was it *their* doing? . . . . the rebels?" asked Arsacius." "Who else could do it?" said Florus. "To the Emperor!" commanded the Bishop of Gabala: "these contumacious, schismatical, incendiary adherents of Chrysostom shall be punished as they deserve." "My cathedral will be destroyed!" cried Arsacius, trembling with rage and terror.

They hastened to the Palace of Constantine, while now, crowds

hurried to the spot from every quarter, some to help to extinguish the fire—others from curiosity.

"How did it happen?" people asked each other.

"It fell from Heaven," said one old man, "to avenge the horrors of last night."

"No," exclaimed another, "it burst out of the earth to hinder the holy place from being profaned by Arsacius: just as flames came from the ruins of Jerusalem when the apostate Julian tried to rebuild the temple."

"Perhaps *you* set it on fire, in revenge for the banishment of your excommunicated Patriarch," said an audacious sailor.

"Much an Egyptian knows about our Patriarch! . . . . His own has had to slink away in disgrace. . . . . He is at the bottom of all the trouble!" cried more than one angry voice.

"Peace with all this chatter and folly!" said a respectable looking man: "it was no doubt a torch upset in one of the stalls, or a candle which fell on a roll of parchment, that caused the fire. Do not make matters worse by quarrelling and abuse."

But this was far too commonplace an explanation of so startling an event, and one party persisted in ascribing it to a supernatural chastisement, the other to the act of a criminal. Bishop Severian concluded his report to the Emperor in these words: "We see now of what stuff these extra-devout, ascetic people are made! Gold on their lips, poison in their hearts, murder in their hands!"

"I will have the matter closely investigated, and severely punished," said Arcadius. "Let the Prefect of the city take the necessary steps without delay, and arrest all persons on whom suspicion may fall. You, venerable Fathers, will, I know, give Optatus all the support in your power: I especially expect this from you, most reverend Arsacius. Who is so much aggrieved by any injury to the cathedral as its Bishop?"

"You see, venerable Father, that in his just indignation the Cæsar Augustus expects youthful zeal from your grey hairs," added Eudoxia pointedly: she could not forgive Arsacius for preceding Severian in the patriarchal dignity.

So the list of the suspected was drawn up—they were principally priests and women—and those whose names were in it were arrested without delay. The fire in Sta. Sophia was a welcome excuse for getting rid of those persons who were certain never to acknowledge the new Patriarch, and whose example and influence were to be dreaded. One of the first names was

that of Olympias. Sorrowful, and utterly exhausted, she was kneeling with a few of her women by Flora's beautiful corpse. The prayers which were generally uttered with such fervent earnestness, fell faintly from her lips, and sometimes she stopped for very weariness and pain. "Lord have mercy on us!—Lord, enter not into judgment with us!" were the only clear thoughts in her mind. At last, she grew so faint, that she rose from her knees, and went out into the court for a little air. Theone and Elpis were standing there, with their backs turned to her; Elpis was saying, in a despairing way: "Which of us shall tell her this dreadful news?"

"You shall, dear Elpis," said Olympias.

The two girls turned round, startled, and Elpis said: "A fire has broken out in Sta. Sophia; the interior is destroyed, and the adjoining buildings also: and now it seems likely to catch the senate-house, there is such a high wind."

"Are any lives lost?—has any one been hurt?" asked Olympias.

"I believe not, lady."

"Then, good Elpis, we must thank God for His mercy."

Elpis was silent, and Theone said: "O dear lady . . . . . there is something else . . . . and you must know."

"Then speak, my child! I can bear anything to-day," Olympias answered; but she looked deadly pale, and a shudder ran through her limbs.

The noble Gunilda did not return with us," faltered Theone.

"If she had shared Flora's fate, you would have brought her back to me, I know," said Olympias with tears in her eyes.

"Indeed we would!" they both replied; and Theone added, "No, she is not dead."

"Then, doubtless, she went with the neophytes of some other deaconess."

"No—lady—not so."

"Tell me, then," said Olympias anxiously, "what has happened to her?"

It was Elpis who answered: "At the moment when the soldier rushed with his drawn sword on our holy Father, and when Flora threw herself before him and received the fatal blow, another soldier seized Gunilda, and carried her off. I was at the other end of the baptistery, and saw it all: it happened in a moment. Afterwards I could only think of Flora, and I did not recall the scene till just now, when Theone asked me about Gunilda."

"You are certain about the soldier?"

"As certain as that we stand here, lady."

"Then take comfort! The Thracians were sent to seize our holy Father, and to drive the faithful out of Sta. Sophia; they did not attack defenceless women unless they happened to be in their way. The Augusta, doubtless, remembered Gunilda, and must have ordered her to be brought out of that hideous scene to a place of safety."

"But she was closely veiled: how could the Thracian recognise her?" asked Elpis, still unsatisfied.

"Oh," said Olympias sadly," when the Augusta commands, wonders happen: besides, the Captain of the troops very likely knew her, and pointed her out to the soldier."

"Would to Heaven she were with us!" said Elpis.

"We are all in the hands of God," Olympias answered gently, "and, Elpis, you may be quite sure that Gunilda is safer in the Palace of Constantine than here."

She was still speaking when a maid came in great haste and excitement, to announce a messenger from Optatus, to conduct Olympias to the Prefect.

"See," she said to Elpis, "how right I was: now, come with me to Optatus."

"Now! worn out as you are!" exclaimed Theone.

"Why not—when God calls me?"

"God!" cried the girl indignantly, "it is malice and wickedness that call you, dear lady."

"Well—and are not they His unconscious and involuntary servants?" returned Olympias. And leaning on Elpis, she followed the messenger, accompanied by Theone.

The Irish and English Martyrs.

CATHOLIC travellers in Italy may remember having sometimes been present at a ceremony which is eminently characteristic of the country, and which recals to the mind one of its highest privileges—that of having possessed the Christian faith unstained by heresy, and unfettered by the domination of heretics, through an unbroken series of centuries from the times of the Apostles to our own. In such countries alone are to be found a number of those external manifestations and traditional observances which so beautifully reflect, as well as so powerfully enhance, the faith of the people. These are naturally the countries for shrines, special sanctuaries, and pilgrimages—for holy spots and time-honoured anniversaries connected with the legends of Saints, the haunts of Anchorites, the sufferings and the conflicts of Martyrs. These are the countries which preserve the local records of miraculous deliverances, the votive memorials of victories over the heathen, or of the cessation of plagues in consequence of prayer; where Angels are said to have been seen or heard, where the Blessed Mother of God has spoken to her servants, or has sent some simple peasant child with a message to the rulers of the Church. On the other hand, in countries which have fallen either under persecution or the far worse evils of heresy or apostacy, these visible footprints of the faith and the piety of past ages, and of the mercies by which that faith and piety may have been crowned, are almost wanting. Persecution does not, as we are glad to know by experience, stamp out the religion of a people; but it can exile or imprison the ministers of religion, and it can make the public worship of God almost impossible. Thus, where oppression of this kind has been the rule for a series of generations, it is not likely that we shall find in its full growth and vigour that

part of the national faith which consists in local and particular traditions fostered and consecrated by the Church. Nay, there may even in some cases be a danger in the preservation of observances connected with such traditions, after the Church has been deprived of the power of guarding them from corruption and superstition, and she has sometimes had to show herself so jealous of purity in such matters as to lay her prohibition upon what, however good in itself, may possibly become dangerous in this respect. Whenever she does this, she does it without prejudice to the principles of faith, and without failing to acknowledge the loss which her children, in so many parts of the world, have sustained in the destruction of the religion which hallowed the whole outward life of former generations, and had left its heavenly footmarks by the wayside, on the mountain and in the forest, on rocks, and walls, and bridges, and wells, and in the corners of the streets.

The ceremony to which we have alluded takes place at certain times of the year, and in some of the great churches at Rome; but it is perhaps to be seen to greater advantage, on account of the greater simplicity and freshness of the multitudes who are sometimes present at it, in some of the provincial cities in the Papal States. In the capital it is the custom, particularly on certain Sundays in the Paschal time, for the chief relics hoarded in the great Basilicas to be solemnly exhibited to the people after Vespers. One of the Canons or Clerics of the church chants out in Italian the description of the relics one after another, and the people listen eagerly to the names with a reverence by no means unalloyed by curiosity, and with an interest which rises or falls as the Saints happen to be familiar or not to their personal devotion. In the case of the greater and more ancient churches, the list, like a grand procession, becomes more august as it draws nearer to its close, which is probably announced in words which bring the eager and interested crowd to their knees in hushed reverence, *Qui si conserva una porzione del legno della Santissima Croce di Nostro Signore Gesù Cristo.* In some ancient town, which had its Martyrs in the days of Trajan or Diocletian—whose first Bishop, perhaps, was martyred, and has remained ever

since the patron of his earthly home—the visitor may have remarked an increase of joyous devotion among the people at the occurrence of certain names, which perhaps are quite unknown to him, and have no place in the ordinary calendar of the Church, but which are welcomed with pride and exultation, because to the epithet *martire* or *confessore* the ringing voice of the expounding Cleric has added the words *e nostro concittadino.* It is possible that the delight of the simple peasants at such announcements may strike a chord of sadness in the heart of the listener from some northern country where the faith has never indeed been extinct, but where heresy and schism have seized upon the greater part of the inheritance of Catholics, where the relics of the Saints have been scattered to the winds, and the glorious names connected with the early history of Christianity are either altogether unknown to the people, or remembered without being honoured. Such a one may ask himself how many generations must pass before the effects of centuries of desolation can be done away, and whether the history of the Church contains many instances of the perfect restoration of religion in a nation which has been deprived of it. Or, if he has the happier lot of being one of a people that has suffered for the faith only to take it more intensely into its heart, and to carry its blessings into the land of exile, and even into the midst of its own oppressors, he may still feel deeply how the hand of persecution has at least prevailed so far, as to tear the memory of the fathers from the minds of the children, and sever some links of that continuous tradition of the exclusive reign of Catholicism from the very first ages to which the scene of which we are speaking bears so touching a witness.

We trust that the more hopeful view of such matters is also the truer, and that the perfect restoration of the Church, even in the minutest details of her manifold glories, is not too great a boon to be accorded to her by her Divine Lord as a reward for centuries of endurance and affliction. We live in a period of healthy revival, at least in the northern countries of Europe ; and although the Church has daily to suffer from the unrelenting persecution of her enemies in every country, and is at this moment under

great oppression in those parts of the world which have lately been considered the most Catholic, we may trust that there is some compensation to be found in her upward course in the very home and domain of her last great enemy, Protestantism. We use the words "home" and "domain" advisedly, for the purpose of including in our statement not only Protestant England, where, without any fear of exaggeration, we may claim at least considerable hope of substantial progress, but also Protestant-ridden Ireland, in which country the advance made by Catholicism, though evidenced not so much by conversions as by internal increase and development, is probably in reality far more noteworthy. When we consider all the circumstances of the Catholic population of Ireland at home, and add the fact of the continued drain upon its resources caused by American emigration, the amount that has been done for the Church by that population, not only abroad but in Ireland itself, is something very marvellous. And we cannot help hoping that the restoration of the Church to her splendour and beauty of outward manifestation, which must necessarily ensue when a Catholic nation is put into possession of its own resources, is not far distant for Ireland. The next generation may see even the outward face of the country begin to adorn itself with the visible indications of the faith which has never been banished from the hearts of the children of Ireland, to an extent that may rival the glories of foreign Catholicism, and make it difficult for the traveller to forget that he is in the "Island of Saints." It is not too much to expect that many of the ancient shrines which have either been altogether destroyed or preserved only by being handed over to the custody of the Protestant Establishment—much in the same way as the Holy Places at Jerusalem were kept from oblivion in the years of persecution before Constantine by the pagan temples built over them—will be recovered and restored. The fact of their connection with the ancient religion and Saints of Ireland will surely not be forgotten in the measures that may have to be taken after the destruction of the Establishment. At the same time, may we not hope for something more? Will not the time come for the building and adorning the

"sepulchres of the prophets" of the last three centuries—not by the hands, indeed, of the children of those who slew them, but by the hands of the children of those for whom they died? Ireland and England are alike, at least in this, that the Catholics of each country have a glorious roll of ancestry to show, and that both alike owe what remains to them, in degrees so different, of their ancient faith, to the blood of Martyrs and the labours of Confessors whose lives were almost a continual martyrdom. The time is coming for both countries, and especially for Ireland, to enrol the names of those to whom they owe so much in the catalogue of their Saints, and to enshrine in the devotion of the people the glories of the times of persecution. When this process shall be begun there will be no lack of names; but let them be multiplied beyond all precedent in the catalogues of churches, still, after all, those that may obtain public veneration will be but as a drop to the ocean when compared to the thousands of thousands that have witnessed a true confession in the course of the three last centuries, and are now interceding for their beloved country before the throne of Him who once stood as a criminal before Pontius Pilate.

It would be needless to adduce instances of that marvellous instinct of veneration for those who suffer for the faith which is to be found exemplified in every Catholic population in times of persecution. The reader of the history of the Church of Japan, or of the *Lettres Edifiantes*, or, again, of their modern successors, the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, will be well aware how often it has happened, and happens—even among Christians but lately won from heathenism, and whose Church dates from yesterday—that the crowd assembled to witness the execution of the Martyrs has to be driven back at the point of the sword from gathering up the blood, or seizing on the clothes or the bodies, of those who have died for Jesus Christ. The scenes of the early Church have been reproduced in our own day in the far East, and they were often reproduced in Ireland and England in the course of the last three centuries. We need only refer to the many incidental notices of this which are to be found in such books as that lately published by Mr.

O'Reilly on the sufferers for the Catholic faith in Ireland. In more than one instance Mr. O'Reilly quotes authorities who mention the belief of the people in miracles wrought by the "Martyrs" after their execution, and the veneration which, under circumstances so disadvantageous and difficult, still haunted their graves. It would be a most useful contribution to Catholic literature if some one with a knowledge of the existing authorities—printed or manuscript—on the subject, would give us a collection relating to facts of this kind more particularly. Such a compilation might be of great use in the case of any formal application at Rome for the solemn consecration of those who have so indubitably laid down their lives for the Catholic cause in these countries.

We believe that it is undoubtedly the case that these sufferers were considered as Martyrs at the time, and that a good deal of evidence might be adduced of their actual veneration. This fact, we understand, would weigh very much in the matter, and might supply some defects in formal evidence which are inevitable under the circumstances which have prevailed in these countries during the past centuries of persecution. We may give two instances, as proofs that the local devotion to these relics spread far beyond the countries in which they suffered. We first quote an Italian book, published at Macerata, in 1583, under the title of *History of the Glorious Martyrdom of Sixteen Priests, Martyred in England.* The book must have been a translation from an English work, which we have never met with. The writer says:—

> The Catholics of Italy, Spain, France, and especially of England, offer and would give more than a piece of gold for every piece of their relics, whether of their bodies, their hair, bones, or clothing—indeed, for anything whatever that is marked or stained with their innocent and most sacred blood; and in this a truly great diligence and a holy zeal have been shown by many noble and virtuous persons, who have, at their own great risk, obtained some pieces of them, to satisfy the devout and greedy appetite of many good men of various nations, who with great earnestness desire to have them. But this is most noteworthy and remarkable, that various devout persons of our

nation, who cannot obtain any particle of their sacred relics, come, as in pilgrimages, to those places where their quarters or heads are exposed, under pretext of looking at them, and asking whose heads or bodies they are, and what traitors those were whose heads were put so high above the rest. They come, I say, to pray, and to satisfy their devotion to them, whose lives they have known to have been so innocent, and deaths so glorious in the sight of God and man.

Our other quotation shall be from the life of a Spanish lady, famous in the beginning of the seventeenth century, who came to England herself to assist in the work of conversion, and died at London in January, 1613—14. This lady, Doña Louisa de Carvajal, is mentioned with great commendation by Father Louis de Ponte. Our extract is somewhat long, but we may as well give our readers the whole chapter of her life to which we refer:—

CHAPTER XXIX.—*The great veneration and devotion that she had for the glorious Martyrs and their holy relics.*

The devotion and love that the Doña Louisa had for the Martyrs of Christ when they were in this mortal life, in prison awaiting the gibbet, was incomparably increased when, having conquered their enemies by death, like Christ their Captain, they were in possession of happiness and eternal glory. As they passed through the roads by which they were taken to martyrdom, she would say with great tenderness, and many tears, "Oh, happy and holy journey, by which, with light steps, they come to receive the crown of martyrdom!" Looking at their heads and quarters, which were placed on the gates, and on London Bridge, she would make them a very humble and low reverence, and say, "How ill-becoming is this place for such holy relics! God forgive this wicked nation, which commits so great an abomination and sacrilege in His divine sight!"

She tried to obtain all their relics, in order to keep them with decency and due veneration. She had chests and coffers full of their papers, breviaries, and linen; she bought their clothing, even their least ornaments, and kept them as a rich treasure. On each relic she placed a scroll, in her own handwriting—"This is the arm, leg, foot, or hand, of N., Martyr. His unworthy servant, Louisa de Carvajal, placed it in this chest." These jewels she distributed amongst her chief and most beloved friends, as so many gems of inestimable value.

Her affection did not stop here; but she had the happiness to receive into her house the bodies of five glorious Martyrs, who attained their crowns in her time. The day on which the holy Martyrs, John Roberts and Thomas Somers, suffered—at whose

table she assisted the night before their death—Father Maurus, of Sahagun,* asked her leave to bring their relics to her house. She counted herself most happy to have such guests, and to be able to serve them in such necessity, for in all London there was not a safe corner to be found to keep them in. She provided a coach, in which there were brought—of the one Martyr all the relics, excepting a leg which they let fall as the guards followed them, and half the body of the other Saint. To adorn them, they placed on the ground an arm, with the half of its breast and the shoulder, and then, by its side, the other half. A notable sight it was, and an incentive to prayer, to see the frail arms with which, without any sign of weakness, so brave a battle had been fought. They had flown to Heaven, there to increase the number of our intercessors, and they enriched the house of Doña Louisa with these rich spoils.

Certain Priests who knew of it, warned her of the danger she ran from the Council. This annoyed her, and she said to them that for all the world, and for ten thousand lives, she would not cease to receive them, and that never in her life had she been so happy. She provided sheets to wrap them in, and that not once only, as, to her great consolation, she wrote to her cousin, the Marchioness de Carazena, in these words: "As I know what a share in my consolation your Excellency will take, I cannot delay informing you that yesterday, without meriting it, I was thought worthy to give a second winding-sheet, or clean linen cloth (which greatly brought to my mind that of Christ), for the relics of the two last Martyrs, having given them one before, which was much stained with the ointments which were placed to preserve the flesh, so that I was obliged to change it for another; and thus they have not a thread upon them that was not mine. Since they made that total and glorious delivery of themselves to God, my unworthy hands wrapped and sewed them up in linen, which is here called 'holland,' and is not at all coarse. I was sorry that it was not gold; but, in the eyes of the Divine Mercy, all that is offered for His service, and that of His for Him, is most fine gold, which He will repay, when He pleases, with eternal rewards. Their owner took them away, leaving some relics in payment for the hospitality."†

On the Vigil of Pentecost, 1611,‡ the blindness of the nation added two Saints to Heaven, men of great nobility. The one was Father Maurus, of Sahagun, a Monk of St. Benedict, who in England was called William Scott; and the other a secular

* Father Maurus Scott, O.S.B., who was professed at Sahagun.

† Bishop Challoner mentions the removal of the relics, "by one of Father Robert's Brethren, with other Catholics," and adds that "they were carried to the Benedictine Monastery at Douay, but one of the arms was sent to the Abbey of St. Martin at Compostella."

‡ Challoner says 1612.

Priest, whose name was Richard Nimport (Newport). When the holy Monk, John Roberts, and his companion, were martyred, Father Maurus came to ask Doña Louisa to receive the bodies, as we have seen—and afterwards she received his own. At that time there was in England, Don Alonso de Velasco, a knight of Santiago, and captain of cavalry in Flanders, a man of great bravery, the son of the Conde de la Risilla, the Spanish Ambassador. Doña Louisa besought him, three days after they were buried, to undertake, with the gallant men of his house, to bring the bodies of the Martyrs from the ditch in which they were. In depth it was more than the height of a man, and two or three yards across each way. The exploit was one of great risk, as the night was not dark before ten o'clock, and the dawn began by two in the morning, while the labour of disinterring the bodies was very great, as they were placed at the bottom. "Put them very deep," the sheriff had said, "that the Papists may not be able to take them."

To satisfy the wish and devotion of the Doña Louisa, the household of the Ambassador undertook the work, which Don Alonso encouraged with his presence. Ten or twelve started, with coats of mail and pistols, well armed, to encounter the guard which the magistrates leave on these occasions. Working with great diligence, they took out sixteen bodies of thieves* which were placed over the quarters of the Martyrs. One of the Count's servants lifted out the whole body of a heretic, grasping it in his arms with such good-will and force that he fell upon it, and bathed his face in the filth that came from the mouth (for it had been three days dead), but so free of horror was he that he did not perceive the evil smell, which must have been intolerable. Such was the zeal and fervour of the pious Spaniards, and their desire to please Doña Louisa.

At last they obtained the treasures for which they sought, and placed them in bags which the pious Doña Louisa had made of sheets. They had the greatest trouble in their enterprise, and were detained several hours, so that there was serious risk in removing the bodies; but they happily reached the house, and were received by a devout procession which had been prepared.

* Father Grene (p. 185A) gives a long extract respecting the relics of Thomas Maxfield, from a book called *Exemplar Literarum de Martyrio quatuor Sacerdotum Collegii Duaceni, hoc anno* 1616. Duaci, fol. 78. We here insert the concluding passage, as it shows that the same difficulties had to be overcome in order to obtain the relics of the Martyrs. "They cast the quarters and head of the Martyr into a deep ditch, and upon it thirteen bodies of thieves, who were hanged on the same day, as well as two other corpses which were then accidentally dug out, which had been buried there a month before, and were foul beyond measure. Notwithstanding this, the Catholics, on the following night, dug out and carried away the Martyr's limbs, and preserved them with veneration."

Doña Louisa and her companions were there in two lines, with tapers in their hands. They were twelve in number, but faith and devotion multiplied their lights. All the way from the door to the oratory, where the relics were to rest, was sprinkled with roses and other flowers, and the walls were adorned with boughs. She received them with devotion and reverence, and with a tender mingling of joy and sorrow. The relics were placed in a shrine before the altar of the oratory, covered with red taffety, beautifully new, and sweet-smelling flowers were strewed upon them. There all knelt, and prayed for a good while. All that day visits of heretics whom they knew never ceased. It seemed as if the Devil brought them; but they did not dare to be off their guard with such people, and she kept the holy bodies under lock and key.

All the following night, until morning, she spent in cleansing them, for fear of corruption, from mud and filth. They were wrapped up with spices and strong aromatics, and placed in very thick lead, carefully fastened, that so they might be preserved for a long time without corrupting. The gentlemen of the Count's household asked for no other reward than a part of the bodies.

As Doña Louisa was most moderate in her tastes, on these occasions she could be prodigal. In a paper speaking of another similar occasion, she said—"At Christmas the stealing and preservation of the last Martyr cost me seventeen pounds, each of which is worth forty reals, and it was very cheap, as the risk of taking him was great."

The bodies of these unconquered Martyrs she took to Spain, and they are venerated at Gondomar, in the chapel of the Count of that city. Doña Louisa sent to many ladies, who were her friends, various reliquaries with the flesh and bones of the Saints. One reached the Duchess de Medina de Rioseco, mother of the Admiral of Castile, who esteemed it highly because they were such holy Martyrs, and because the relic was sent to her by the Doña Louisa. When suddenly that terrible fire broke out in the house in which she lived, near Santa Maria, which we saw and which grieved all the Court, all her property was burnt, but the reliquary was found safe and sound, for the fire respected it, and the flame venerated it, having consumed the wood-work of the room where it was, and this was held to be an evident miracle.*

Those who know how uniform are the instincts of Catholics with regard to sufferers for the faith, will easily believe that similar tales could be told, if we had but the records of the fact, concerning the veneration paid, under the same circumstances, by Irish Catholics to the heroes of their own land and religion. Savage as the persecu-

* We need hardly say that we use the word Martyrs throughout in the popular sense, without prejudice to any future decision of the Church.

tion against Catholics became under the Cromwellian "settlement," it is certain that at intervals before that time the Church in Ireland was in a condition of peace and prosperity, even after the accession of Elizabeth, and at such intervals it would be natural, as in the early Church, that the records of the sufferers for the faith in the periods of persecution should be collected.* Such intervals of peace, at all events, must certainly have served to write the names of the champions of the faith more deeply than before in the memory and veneration of the people. Still, two centuries of oppression and violence have done their work in destroying all opportunities and means of the external manifestation of such veneration, and it is not surprising that at the present moment it should require revival. Mr. O'Reilly's book is one among a number of similar indications that the literary portion of such a revival will not be wanting, at least in Ireland.

Ireland has had one conspicuous advantage over Catholic England in the fact that her Hierarchy has

* "In 1649," writes Mr. O'Reilly, "and for some years before, the Irish hierarchy was in a much more flourishing condition than at any period since the English schism. The sees were all filled up, except Kerry and Kildare; the parishes were supplied with zealous and learned Pastors; the convents were re-established, and their crowded choirs poured forth in unceasing peals the canticles of praise and benediction to the Lord. The Prelacy consisted of four Archbishops and twenty-three Suffragans—namely, eight in the province of Armagh, and as many more in Cashel, three in Dublin, and four in Connaught. All of these resided in their dioceses with undisturbed serenity, and publicly performed the rites of religion; many enjoyed the cathedrals and lands with which their Catholic ancestors endowed the sees for the support of Catholic Bishops. The parochial churches and glebes were restored to the Catholic Clergy; the male and female Religious recovered their convents and a remnant of their ancient inheritance; and the peace of 1648, with Ormond and the King, stipulated that the Catholic Church should permanently enjoy, at least, what it then possessed. . . . How reversed was the scene in 1654, when Dr. O'Reilly was consecrated! Three of the Bishops, and more than three hundred of the Clergy, had already been put to death for the faith. All the surviving Bishops but one, and upwards of one thousand Priests, were banished for ever from their country; some were allowed to seek exile in the kingdoms of Europe, but many hundreds were stowed in crazy ships, treated with ignominous cruelty, and transported to Barbadoes, and other isles of the West Indies. The Friars were expelled from their convents, and obliged to fly; of six hundred Dominicans, scarcely one remained; the more numerous

never died out, and that she can point to many of her Bishops as having laid down their lives for the faith. We might string together a long series of heroic actions and sufferings by simply recounting the lives and deaths of successive occupants of the primatial see of Armagh. We might begin with the saintly Richard Creagh, in the days of Elizabeth herself, who escaped, as it seems, by miracle, from the Tower of London, but was afterwards again imprisoned there, calumniously accused, as St. Athanasius was accused, of the foulest immorality, and was yet able so clearly to prove his innocence as at last to bring the poor suborned witness who made the charge to confess her perjury, and who died at last of poison in the place of his imprisonment. The successor of Archbishop Creagh was Edward M'Gauran, and he too laid down his life. He was killed by some English soldiers on a field of battle, where he was engaged in hearing the confessions of the wounded, or, as another account says, in reconciling a heretic. Another Archbishop of Armagh, Hugh O'Reilly, was imprisoned

Franciscans, the Augustinians, and others were also gone—nay, even the nuns were turned out into the world, or banished into some distant land. But one Bishop remained, and he was old, decrepit, and bedridden, and to his inability alone to discharge any episcopal functions he owed the privilege of dying in the land of his fathers. There remained also a portion of the parochial Clergy, who, whenever their functions were to be exercised, nobly braved the axe and gibbet, and who, when the sinner was reconciled to God, or the departing soul prepared for heaven, sought a hiding-place in the forest, and sheltered themselves in caverns and morasses from the blood-scent of spies and priest-catchers."—*Sufferers for the Catholic Faith in Ireland*, pp. 287, 288. The writer adds that even after the Restoration as many as a hundred and twenty of these heroic Confessors were sometimes crowded into the same jail. Yet the Clergy continued wonderfully numerous. "From 1652, to the year 1655, neither the Sacrament of Confirmation nor of Holy Orders was conferred in Ireland, yet there were in the latter year eleven hundred secular Priests on the Irish mission; but, the Bishop of Ardagh having returned, in 1665, *the number of Priests was doubled in the course of six or seven years*, although, until the year 1669, the period of Dr. O'Reilly's death, the Irish Prelacy could count only three Bishops in Ireland, and three in involuntary exile."—*Ibid.* As about this time the population of Ireland was estimated at rather more than one million, it would appear that there were then many more Priests, in proportion to the number of Catholics, than at the present time. We may look upon this devoted Clergy as having been the Providential means for the preservation of the faith among the people.

in Dublin Castle for having assembled the clergy of his Province in synod, and died a prisoner on an island in Lough Erne. His successor, Edmund O'Reilly, lived on to the days of the Restoration, but he was ordered to leave the country by Rome at the request of Charles II., who had been deceived by the calumnies of the infamous Friar, Peter Walsh, who represented the Archbishop as a supporter of Cromwell. Once again he was banished, some time afterwards, and it was this time too on account of Walsh, whose "Remonstrance" he had vigorously and successfully opposed in a "National Congregation" of the Catholics. We might close the list of the Primates of Ireland who have perished at the hand of bigotry and legal injustice, by the great and venerable name of the saintly Oliver Plunkett, the last victim of the abominable inventors of the so-called "Popish plot," and the last of the illustrious roll of sufferers who have passed from the place of execution at Tyburn to the crown of martyrdom. Archbishop Plunkett himself requested that he might be buried with the Fathers of the Society of Jesus who had perished at Tyburn under the same persecution, and his bones repose with theirs in the parish church of St. Giles, in the midst of what is now one of the most densely populated districts of London, where many a poor child of Erin has had to find a home. The piety of the English Catholics solaced him in his imprisonment, and honoured, as far as was allowed to it, his precious relics, which might perhaps still be discovered, and are, in any case, a pledge of that undying charity which binds together those of different races who have suffered for the same ancient faith. "The Archbishop himself," says Mr. O'Reilly, "wrote from prison in London that he had experienced in the English Catholics the most exalted piety, faith, and Christian charity which any one could desire; and he gives the names of many families and individuals who, it seems, gave to him, though a stranger and unknown to them, large sums of money to enable his witnesses to come from Ireland, and offered themselves, moreover, as most ready to undergo any other expense, or render him any service. He, therefore, in

the letter referred to, professes an unspeakable love for those so bounteous benefactors, and we may hope that as he has, whilst living, done so much by his example, so now he will be efficacious in obtaining from Heaven most abundant blessings for those by whom he deemed himself so benefited upon earth."—p. 340.

Lines to a Bereaved Father.

Let not too near the willowy tresses wave,
Nor yew, nor cypress, overhang the sod;
Leave Heaven's blue arch to roof thy darling's grave,
That through thy tears thou may'st look straight to God.

Yet, duly fenced with sad funereal green,
Hide from the world's cold eye that grassy bed;
Guard thy heart's Holy Land, and grieve unseen,
Alone with Angel-watchers and the dead.

Nor ever come 'twixt morn and evening there;
The merry sunshine doth but mock at woe;
The noise of day is discord to a prayer
Breath'd o'er the dust that sleeps in night below.

Wait for the dusk—till grey is half the sky,
Till Venus glimmers in the golden west,
Till all life-voices hush'd in silence die,
And dews descend, and flower-buds close in rest.

With the first shadows of the twilight, creep
Forth from thy loveless hearth, thy dwelling lone,
To thy true home; there, in the darkness, weep,
While wandering night-winds blend with thine their moan.

Then, if a whisper tempt thy trembling love,
"Chance is the lord of Life, and Death the goal,"
Look to the stars which voiceless sing above,
"God lives beyond us, and, with Him, her soul!"

Scenes from a Missionary Journey in South America.

XI.—Dwellers in the Wilderness.

From Caçapáva we made our way across the Serra to the aldéia of Sancto Antonio das Lavras, but as the distance was far too great, and the road too arduous for one day's journey, we took up our quarters at night at Camaquam, at the estancia of Señhor M——, a rich proprietor, who received us with truly barbaric splendour. He came to meet us at a spot about five miles from his house with a number of sons, sons-in-law, and retainers, all superbly mounted on beautiful horses caparisoned all over with massive and chiselled silver trappings. When we reached his house—a large, imposing white building, where rude magnificence was displayed side by side with the utter want of the most ordinary convenience and comfort—a band of musicians, with brass instruments—the players were all black slaves—struck up in very good style the Brazilian national hymn. Meanwhile we were conducted with great solemnity to the ladies of the house in what was called the *sala*, or reception-room, a spacious panelled apartment, which certainly might have been deemed suitable for an upper-servants' hall in an English gentleman's residence. Dinner was soon announced; the heavy cedar table literally groaned beneath the weight of dishes and gorgeous solid plate; yet no napkins were to be seen; the guests wiped their fingers and mouths with the table-cloth, and drank in common out of two or three capacious silver beakers. The floor of the dining-room was soiled with indescribable dirt, bones, and spitting, amidst which the señhoras swept the trains of their sumptuous velvet and satin dresses. The slaves, moléques, crioulos and crioulas ran promiscuously about with unchecked familiarity; they would come alongside of us, stare wonderingly into our faces, and then run away laughing.

This patriarch of the wilderness had in and about his house three hundred people—his own family and numberless hangers-on, capatazes, peons, and slaves. In Biblical times he would have been called a king. I vividly realised while here the state of

society when Abraham, with four hundred of his servants, went to fight the allied kings who had plundered his nephew Lot. Señhor M—— possessed forty miles of rich pasture country, and more than fifty thousand head of cattle and horses. He gave me much interesting information concerning the breeding and management of the herds. It appears that in ordinary seasons there is an average increase of one for every four, so that he had every year an accession of twelve or thirteen thousand head. Reckoning these to be worth, one with the other, fifteen shillings apiece, some idea may be formed of the wealth of such a man. It must be also considered that eating and drinking cost next to nothing in such a place, where no wages are paid to anybody, game and fish abound, and beef and poultry are to be had for the mere trouble of fetching and killing; clothing is of no account for the slaves, who wear a few cheap home-made cotton stuffs, and their children, up to eight or nine, nothing at all; and a country gentleman of that class having no neighbours nearer to him than twenty or thirty miles, and consequently never going to parties or giving them, cannot, but for gambling, of which more hereafter, spend his money as the rich do in Europe. In the whole of that great house I did not see a single picture, engraving, or book; the picturesquely-dressed children, all curls, frills and laces, were without mirth or frolic, and the superbly-attired ladies, with ample latitudes of satins and velvets, and whole fortunes in pearls and jewels, had not a word of educated conversation. They sat in their chairs round the room like so many eighteen-year-old misses just returned from school, and as yet unaccustomed to the ways of society.

Our worthy host accompanied us the next day all the way to Sancto Antonio das Lavras, a distance of six leagues, acting as our *vacquiano*, or guide, across the campos—for road there was absolutely none the way he took us. It is wonderful to me how one's way can be found across the boundless tracts of grassy land, so monotonous after a few miles, so much resembling each other—first a long swelling slope, then a shallow valley with some scrub or wood, then another hill and another valley, and another, and another; and this in a south-westerly direction, which we were pursuing, for five hundred leagues across the Banda Oriental, the rivers Uruguay and La Plata, to the very confines of Southern Chili and Patagonia, until the lofty Andes put an end to the immensity of the plain! But the guides see landmarks where nobody else can; for we frequently had to turn sharply to the right or wheel our horses round to the left, for no reason that I could see or guess, except that some deep ravine or broken ground was to be avoided at

some distance ahead. The season had been unusually dry, and as we approached Lavras the country, more hilly and stony than before, became rugged, arid, and burnt up. Here and there tall mandacarús, a species of seven-ribbed, thorny, columnar cactus, raised from the midst of the boulders their green pillars, studded with magnificent white or pink flowers. These cactuses were frequently loaded with large oval-shaped, twig-made nests of the dragões, with a small aperture at the side. I was warned not to put my hand inside any of these without first probing them with a stick, for they frequently harbour snakes or scorpions. I found neither eggs nor birds in any of them, the season being past.

Sancto Antonio das Lavras—that is to say, St. Anthony of the Mines—was originally a Jesuit Reduction of Tapé Indians, founded by the generous Martyr Father Gonçaliz.* Many of these Indians still reside in the neighbourhood, and pick up a scanty living by searching for gold-dust in the river sand. The mines discovered by the Jesuits are now worked by a company, but do not yield any large quantity, though in former times it is said they were tolerably productive. A storm of thunder and rain is here deemed a fortunate event, for the torrents rushing down from the hills bring into the river bed a quantity of gold particles amidst the sand and rubbish, which is carefully collected and washed for weeks afterwards by the poorer inhabitants. The gold is reddish, and of good quality, though not of the very highest; twenty-one carats is its average purity. I was much edified there by the eagerness with which the inhabitants flocked to their poor little wooden church to hear the instructions given them. On the hill, above the village cemetery, grew among the protruding rocks a number of highly aromatic bushes, the wood and berries of which exhaled the perfume of Arabian incense. I was told that there exuded in spring time from this bush an abundant gum, and that from it was made the Church incense used in the Reductions.

We left the Aldéia das Lavras on Candlemas Day about noon, on our way to São Gabriel, a military station of the province, right in the centre of the Serra, and amidst its most elevated hills, but we could not go further that night than the fazenda of one Colonel Zephyrino dos Verros Velhos, or of the Old Irons, a soubriquet the old man had received in the wars between the Brazils and Montevideo. He told us sundry anecdotes of those wars, and of the extraordinary ferocity of Rosas and the several other chiefs who had taken part in them. Here is one instance among others:

* His glorious martyrdom is described in *Charlevoix*, vol. ii., p. 234.

General Urquizas, who is yet alive to deny the fact if he can, having gained a victory over a rival chieftain who was among the slain, flayed off the back of the said prostrate chief, between the neck and the spine, a strip of skin, wherewith he had a *maneya* made, which he used ever afterwards. This is a leathern strap about eighteen inches long and two fingers broad, armed with an iron ring with which horsemen tie up the animal's forelegs above the fetlocks to keep it from straying away when they dismount. Later on I saw the famous Artigas' Table on the left bank of the Uruguay, whereon that butcher used to cut his prisoners' throats. Our old Colonel lived with a numerous staff of sons and daughters, and a whole colony of slaves and their children, in a truly miserable house on the very highest ground, he said, of the whole province, as several rivulets which rose on his land flowed, some to the west to swell the affluents of the Rio de la Plata, and others to the east to run into the Jacuhi and other tributaries of the inland sea Dos Patos, which disembogues at Rïo Grande into the Atlantic Ocean. The good man, an hour before our arrival, had had an ox killed for our use; and thinking we should not have enough, he gave our peons a fat two-year-old heifer, which these savages soon despatched. They were seventeen in number, fifteen Indians and two blacks; they spent the whole night around a huge fire in a corner of the back yard eating away till not a morsel of the heifer was left. It was a strange, wild scene. I had never witnessed, and probably shall never again see, such voracity. As we were to set off at two in the morning, and the night was remarkably fine and mild, I would not go to bed, but sat on a bench beside the house door, watching the doings of the gauchos. In truth I did not much like the appearance of the bed offered me, which evidently swarmed with fleas, or worse enemies. The flickering flames of the banquet fire cast a lurid glare on the dusky faces of our peons as they squatted down in a circle round it, holding suspended over the red embers long wooden spits loaded with bleeding flesh. When this was roasted—or, rather, charred—and eaten, they would rise and cut from the hanging carcase a few paces off another strip of flesh, skin and all, and roast and eat again. Now and then they would plunge their greasy hands into a bag of fariñha or mandioca flour hard-by and throw it into their mouths, beflouring their faces in a laughable manner. This was the only condiment to their meat, which was helped down by an occasional long pull at a capacious square green bottle of caixáça. Outside the circle stood a number of growling, grunting, and fighting pigs, disputing with each other the broken remnants and bones of the feast.

We arrived early the next day within two or three leagues of São Gabriel, but the Vigario, formerly a curate of his Lordship, fearing lest our untimely arrival about the middle of the day, when the sun's heat was unbearable, might disarrange his plans for our solemn reception, had sent an express which met us on the banks of a small stream where we had alighted to breakfast, requesting us not to enter the town till about five in the afternoon, when all would be ready. I took advantage of this to refresh myself by a bath in the stream, and afterwards a good sound sleep of several hours under the trees. When we neared the village—they dignified it by the title of "cidade," a city!—we were met by a most brilliant staff of officers, at whose head rode in grand uniform General Propicio Menna Barreto * and a number of richly-dressed gentlemen, who dismounted, and one by one came to ask the Bishop's blessing. A carriage had been brought for us, drawn by three pair of superbly-harnessed and caparisoned horses. We thus crossed the ford of the Rio Vacacahi, a little in advance of the town; the whole population was afoot, and the good Vigario, Padre João Peixoto Veras, had exhausted all his resources to give us a brilliant reception in the way of gun and rocket firing, ringing of bells, and an opening serenade both on our arrival and in the evening.

The band of music, which would not have disgraced Europe, was entirely composed of Guaranis, who played with admirable precision some of the overtures and marches of popular modern composers. I had noticed before the wonderful aptitude of the Indians for music; for when staying among the Coroados of the Camé tribes I would sometimes sing some of our best religious hymns, and they caught up and repeated the tunes with the greatest facility. The women have remarkably sweet voices, and most of the boys of ten or twelve might well belong to our cathedral choirs. The mirth and pleasantness of their laughter is inimitable, and irresistibly contagious. On one occasion I showed to a group of Guarani boys a photographic portrait of a European child. Opening their large humid eyes, and gaping wide, they all burst out with the exclamation of surprise, "He!" and began to laugh immoderately. I found from their talk that they thought the portrait a *fac-simile* of the child's *real* size, a lilliputian boy of an inch or two! Full one half of the population of São Gabriel is Guarani.

* It was this officer who, the following year (1865), commanded the Brazilian troops in the war of Montevideo. I have since heard of his death at the beginning of 1867.

The chief seat, however, of that once celebrated nation is the track of country called Las Siete Misiones, on the banks of the Upper Uruguay. Sundry aldéias, remnants of the old Reductions, stretch away to the north-west of these, through the comparatively narrow isthmus formed by that river and the Paraná, and, crossing this mighty stream, are scattered throughout the southern portions of Paraguay proper. Going further west, and beyond the great river which gives its name to the latter country, amidst the impenetrable swamps and forests of the Gran Chaco, dwell to this day the Guaïcurú's, a powerful, cruel, and never yet subdued race. They are ever at war with the neighbouring tribes of the Coroados and the Guánas, as well as with the Paraguayos, and are the only known nation of American natives that has a distinct classification of ranks. There are among them nobles, plebeians, and slaves—the latter are their war prisoners; the importance of a man is measured by the number of his slaves. They are the best horsemen in the world; those at least among them who dwell in the great plains called Llanos de Manso, after an unlucky Spanish adventurer, who was endeavouring to discover an overland road to Peru, and was there murdered by the savages. They often disdain the usual conveniences of saddle, bridle, or bit; and, riding an animal as wild as themselves, they will, at the sight of a distant enemy or intended victim, lie close along its flanks, or under its belly, supporting themselves only by one leg thrown over its back or neck, and thence despatch a mortal arrow, all the while at full gallop. Their food of predilection is the jacaré, or caïman, which abounds in all the rivers and lagoons, and which they catch in a very simple and ingenious manner. Armed with a long and very strong cord made of twisted strips of horse-hide, bound round a short stick, sharpened at both ends, they provoke the monster, by stone-throwing, to leave the water and rush at them in fury. The caïman always does so with wide gaping jaws, exhibiting a double row of formidable teeth. The Indian dexterously throws the pointed stick into the animal's mouth; the latter, mad with rage, closes its jaws upon it, foaming with pain, but all in vain, for the twofold hook has penetrated deeply into its throat, and after exhaustive struggles it lies at the mercy of its enemy. The Guaïcurús, like most Indians, preserve their teeth until extreme old age, although these generally appear defective, owing to a custom which the women have of inserting pieces of wood between the growing teeth of their little ones. Females usually wear a long cotton garment, much after the fashion of the Guarani

women, and are extremely careful and scrupulous in the arrangement of the folds of this robe, as well as in combing and braiding their luxuriant coal-black, though rather coarse, hair, which they part in two long tresses. The men tattoo their bodies all over with various marks emblematic of their exploits, and pass a feather, sometimes a silver quill, through the fleshy part of the nether lip. They go nearly naked, having only a narrow strip of cotton cloth round their loins and hips. The Parécis, another nation inhabiting the upper Paraguay as far as its source in the Diamantina mountains, also adopt the feather ornament, but pass it through the cartilage of the nose between the nostrils. The predominating trait of the Guaïcurú character is excessive pride; they despise all other races of men, even the whites, and hence, probably, their great daring in battle. They use the bow and arrow with admirable skill, transfixing birds on the wing at a great height; they also fight with the lance and macána, or heavy club, and latterly have begun to use fire-arms. These they procure by plundering the outposts of the Paraguay garrisons, for they disdain bartering of any kind. They take one wife only at a time, but separate from her according to caprice. They believe in one great Creator of all things, but give him no sort of worship. They have no idea of future rewards or punishments; but they say that the spirits of great warriors go after this life to a country of much delight, where there is abundant hunting and fishing.* They live in villages composed of very miserable huts of clay, bamboos, and long grass, and are very fond of a fermented liquor made by the women from wild honey mixed with water and the juice of a berry resembling that of the elder. They are very much under the influence of a class of men among them—a kind of medicine men, or priests—to whom they give the name of *unigenitos*, a Spanish word—without whose advice they will not undertake any war, and whom they consult in their rare sicknesses. I met one of these returning from San Juan de Corientes, whither he had gone to procure drugs and paints. These priests are supposed by them to be the interpreters of the will of Tupán, the Great Spirit, and they also perform certain mysterious rites over the dead. Common report ascribes to them supernatural powers; it is certain that, like the hierophants of old, and the

* Like many other heathen nations, the Guaïcurús deem woman a greatly inferior being. One of them, who had come to Corientes with jaguar skins, was asked among other things if the spirits of good women went with the warriors to the great hunting region? The Indian was bewildered, but after thinking awhile he answered, with a disdainful look, "Have women a soul?"

Chinese bonzes of our days, they sometimes perform deeds which can only be ascribed to the concurrent help of evil spirits.

Early in the seventeenth century, Missionaries belonging to the Society of Jesus penetrated into the then untrodden solitudes of the Gran Chaco in search of souls, and they succeeded, during a century and a half, in bringing over to Christ several tribes of that immense region, such as the Chiriguánes, the Baures, the Calchaquis, and the Abipones. Two illustrious pioneers of the faith had preceded them in this promising field—St. Francis Solano* and Father Luiz de Bolaños, both Franciscans; but their Order did not systematically apply itself to the conversion of the aborigines; this great work was reserved for the Jesuits, who, in spite of the melancholy but glorious death of many of the first Missionaries at the hands of the savages, flocked with admirable zeal to these dangerous regions. The earliest apostles having noticed the charm which music exercised over the native tribes, would ascend the rivers singing the praises of God, and accompanying themselves on the violin, the flute, and the guitar. The Indians, attracted by the beautiful sounds, would congregate on the river bank, and follow the canoe with their pirogues. Then the Fathers would stop rowing, or land, as it happened, and bearing aloft the image of the crucified Redeemer, they announced the word of salvation. In the course of a few years they succeeded in Christianising many thousands of Indians; the whole Guarani nation, the most numerous of the divers races dwelling on the banks of the mighty Paraná, the Uruguay, and their affluents, submitted to the yoke of Christ, and forsook the wild life of the forests and the plains. To this day it has remained Christian, and, at least partly, civilised. The Jesuits carried their labours amidst the flowery regions of Paraguay, where they founded and maintained in the most admirable order, for so many years, the world-famed Reductions,† realising by their miraculous success the dreams of Plato and other philosophers, and proving that, with Christianity as a first ruling principle, there is nothing that cannot be hoped for with regard to the civilisation and happiness of the human race. But alas! neither the generous blood so profusely shed by many of these holy Missionaries in their sacred

* In the cloister-garden of the Franciscan convent at Buenos Ayres, I saw a very tall cedar tree, which the monks told me had been planted by St. Francis Solano on his departure for the Gran Chaco and Tucuman.

† See *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses*, passim. Also Charlevoix and Muratori's *Il Cristianesimo Felice*. The latter book gives a most vivid, and not exaggerated, account of those missions.

love for souls, nor the fatigues they underwent in order to civilise by the Christian faith these immense regions, could finally avail against the incessant calumnies and attacks of the servants of evil. It is well known how the unhappy Kings of Spain and Portugal, hounded on by Aranda and Pombal, names ever infamous in history, listened to the lies and sophisms of a false philosophy, and signed the fatal decree of expulsion of the Society of Jesus from their American dominions. This was in 1764; the day appointed for carrying the decree into execution was in August, 1768, and fifteen hundred missionaries, scholastics, and lay-brothers, were in one and the same night cruelly torn away from their weeping neophytes and transported to Europe like vile criminals, without money, without books, without so much even as a change of clothes. Many perished miserably on the way, victims of such heartless treatment. All their property, and that of the missions, down to the very sacred vessels and necessaries of divine worship, became the prey of the famished *emplegados*, or government officials. This enormous iniquity, this fearful abomination of desolation, has laid a curse upon South America which will probably be never taken from it. The Indians, for the most part, returned after a while to the savage life of the woods, and, by degrees, to paganism, for want of the instructions so long given them by the Fathers. Others were captured by the marauding Paulistas, and perished, or languished in hopeless captivity; others again remained in their widowed Reductions, and have preserved until now some faint gleam of Christianity; but no one cares for them. Before many years have elapsed, the Christian religion will probably have entirely disappeared from this vast country, where the faith once made such rapid and consoling progress.

São Gabriel is a military station for the forces required in the south of the empire; and by the courtesy of Brigadier-General Propicio Menna Barreto, *Commandante des Armas*, I was allowed an opportunity of thoroughly examining the troops, their quarters, accoutrements, &c., as well as the military hospital. The officers, and especially Colonel ——, who commanded the first and only regiment of mounted artillery which the Brazilian empire possesses, were full of politeness and attention to me, but they evidently were ashamed to show the poverty of the land, and complained bitterly enough of the neglect of the government with regard to the army. I was surprised to learn from them that the nominal military (regular) force of so vast an empire in time of peace is only 14,000 men of all arms, and 25,000 in time of war.

But there were not more than 7,000 or 8,000 men. That very artillery regiment whose colonel conducted me all over the barracks was supposed to number 830 men and horses, but the actual number of men and officers in service was 230. These were men and boys of all ages and sizes, Indians, mulattoes, blacks, and a very small sprinkling of whites, chiefly Germans. It appears that they are only dressed up for occasions, for those I saw, even in the guard-room and on duty as sentries, were a set of dirty, ragged, ragamuffin-looking lads, who certainly would have passed anywhere in Europe for common tramps and vagabonds. One especially I noticed, a sentry at the door of the colonel's office, who had on a costermonger's torn wide-awake hat, a dirty blue blouse, very ragged trousers, full of holes, and no shoes. On presenting arms to the colonel, he *took off* his hat, like a well-bred Guarani that he was. Out of these 230 men, there were seventeen confined for desertion, and four for other offences. There is no ordinary recruiting or forced conscription in the Brazils; and the officers complained much of the system of filling up the ranks of the army, which consists in emptying the jails of their occupants, and making soldiers of them.* The barracks, though large enough, were mere sheds, wretchedly built and worse roofed. I could see the sky through innumerable holes in the tiles; and when it rains it must be exceedingly miserable for the men and ruinous for their traps. I went into the officers' mess-room: certainly no common English soldier would have condescended to inhabit so comfortless an apartment. The hospital, however, was decent; the beds were clean and good, and the surgery as well supplied with appliances and medicines as any I had seen in Europe. The patients expressed themselves quite satisfied, and spoke very highly of the surgeon and his assistants. The regimental band was also very good; the Brazilians and Indians, as I have already had occasion to remark, having a great aptitude for music. It would be very difficult to imagine a worse state of things in general; and from the brigadier to the youngest ensign, all appeared ashamed and thoroughly disheartened.

* This was written before the war which broke out in 1858 between Paraguay and Brazil. During the course of that war, the latter country has had more than 100,000 men in active service, both by land and sea. But at what a ruinous cost the future will show.

Anne Severin.

CHAPTER XIX.

The funeral of the Marquis de Villiers was over, the lights in the chapel extinguished, and the candlesticks and white cloth on the altar only just discernible. Two persons still remained in the sacred building; one was praying in the sanctuary—the other kneeling in the tribune of the Lords of Villiers. After a while the former rose, and went up to the young man in deep mourning, whose form was scarcely visible amidst the black hangings of the tribune.

"Come with me," the Abbé Gabriel whispered.

Guy did not seem at first to hear or understand; but when the Curé again said, "Come with me to my house, my dear Guy, I want to speak to you," he rose and followed him out of the church and into the garden of the presbytery.

The wind was high, and he stood for a moment at the door of the church looking up at the clouds careering along the sky, and enjoying the boisterous breeze which played in his hair and refreshed his hot brow and swollen eyes.

The Curé, in the meantime, had hastened into his room to see if his orders had been observed. A bright little fire blazed in the hearth, and everything looked cheerful and comfortable for Guy, who soon came in, with a melancholy countenance, and sat down in a chair near the chimney. For more than ten minutes he did not speak. His eyes went wandering in a listless manner round the room, and everything in his attitude and manner betokened the deepest depression. Since the moment that Anne had recalled him to his senses, he had not given way to any vehement bursts of grief or anger, but had, on the contrary, tried to make up for his passionate conduct by the most arduous self-constraint. He had quietly given all necessary directions for the melancholy ceremony which had just taken place. Everything had been thought of and done in accordance with the respect due to his father's memory, and even to his cherished prejudices. But now that all that was over, he felt nothing but the most profound dejection.

"You know," he exclaimed at last, "you know, Monsieur l'Abbé, that you used to tell me that if I did not overcome the violence of my temper, I should end by committing some act of passion which would have terrible results. Your prediction has indeed been realised. For you know, as well as I do, that I loved my father, and was always hoping the time would come when I might be a comfort to him. And now there is an end to all such hopes. I cannot grieve for him as other sons, if they are not heartless wretches, grieve for their fathers. I am torn by a dreadful remorse, which will make my life a curse and a burthen to me. There is something too horrible in the thought that I caused the death of my father, and a father I dearly loved."

As he said this, Guy hid his face in his hands, and convulsive sobs shook his frame. The Abbé Gabriel remained silent awhile, gazing sadly on the young head bowed down in so much anguish. He did not wish to interrupt too soon the outpouring of that repentant grief, or check the atoning flow of those remorseful tears. But when, in a few minutes, Guy began again in the same self-accusing strain to work himself up into a fit of despair, he deemed the time was come to put a stop to a morbid agitation, which might be as injurious to that ardent soul as any other uncontrolled passion. He took hold of his hand and said, in a mild but authoritative manner, "Listen to me, my child; you will not suspect me of wishing to flatter or to deceive you. I have never been over-indulgent to you that I know of. You may believe then what I am going to say. The suddenness of your poor father's death was a great blow, and the angry words, the last you ever heard from his lips, are a sad recollection. But this has been your misfortune, not your fault. My dear Guy, you are not as guilty as you think. Indeed, as regards that last interview, you are not guilty at all."

Guy shook his head incredulously.

"I see you do not believe me, and yet it is in your father's name I speak. What I have just said is what he thought, and what he would have wished himself to say to you. I can give you the proof of it."

Guy looked at the Abbé with surprise. "What do you mean? Can the dead speak?"

The Abbé drew a paper out of his pocket, and placed it in his hands. Guy glanced at the contents, and then slowly read them over again two or three times consecutively. His countenance gradually lost its expression of gloomy misery.

At last he asked, "But who is it that said this? Who wrote down these words?"

"They were your father's words. He had not lost his speech when I arrived, and he was able, as you know, to perform his religious duties. He afterwards mentioned to me what had passed between you that morning, and God inspired me to write down what he said, in case you arrived too late to hear it from his own lips. You see what his words were, 'I bless my son, and I beg him to forgive me, as I hope God, in His infinite mercy, has already done.'"

"*I* forgive him—*I* forgive my father! What does it mean?—what did he mean?"

"He meant that in that scene which has remained so fearfully present to your mind you were not the offending person. No, in this instance he was the one to blame. He knew and felt it, and in that hour of repentance which it pleased God to vouchsafe to him he sent you his blessing, and said he had nothing to forgive. Do you understand this, Guy? Do you understand that this is a solemn message from your dying father, and that these words were uttered at a moment when nothing that was not strictly true could have passed his lips?"

Guy listened with silent astonishment to this communication. The terrible apprehension that he had caused his father's death had produced such an effect on his imagination that it had deceived him with regard to what had taken place between them during that last interview. Every angry expression he had ever given utterance to on former occasions had, he fancied, been used that day, and in his agitation he lost all remembrance of the efforts he had made to control his temper, and of the feeling which had made him rush out of the room rather than give way to his increasing irritation. He remembered what his father had said to him. His own words he had forgotten; but his horror at finding the Marquis dying on the very spot where they had been uttered, inspired him with the idea that they must have been very dreadful. Hence his despair; hence his wild answers to Anne's questions, and her erroneous impression of what had taken place. Now, with the evidence before him of what had really happened, the past appeared in a different light. The storm in his soul gradually subsided, and the stern self-control which had enabled him to maintain an outward composure gave way to a more gentle and calm state of mind.

He clasped the Abbé's hands, and exclaimed, "Oh, my dear Father, why—why did not you tell me this before?"

The Curé answered, "My dear son, you refused to listen or attend to anything I said. But I own to you, Guy, that I do not regret the suffering you have gone through. It may save you in the future from such guilt and such misery as in this instance you had erroneously imagined you had incurred; from remorse which, thank God, you need not feel, and regrets which I am sure you do feel."

Guy listened in a gentle, submissive manner to the Abbé's words, but it was a gentleness that did not preclude firmness and strength; on the contrary, it indicated the most determined resolution to struggle and to conquer his besetting sin. The good Curé read in his face this tacit promise; and he often said afterwards that Guy looked at that moment like some young David armed for the fight, and confident of victory.

CHAPTER XX.

Guy had inherited not only his father's violence of character, but also his contempt for that despicable form of human respect which, through weakness and the stress of bad examples, leads men into excesses; but his resistance to temptation had a higher and deeper source than pride. Guy's youth had been surrounded by holier and gentler influences than his father had known. The remembrance of his mother, the society of his little playmate, and the intelligent solicitude of the Abbé Gabriel, had supplied his soul with more powerful safeguards than mere routine can furnish, and when the impetuous tide of his youthful passions began to rise, its surges were met by nobler and more effectual barriers than those which the haughty Marquis de Villiers had opposed to similar temptations.

Very different also was the epoch in which he entered the world from that which the last generation had witnessed. A host of generous combatants had banded together to defend the highest of all causes, and Guy, at twenty years of age, possessed all the qualities which fitted and disposed him to join their ranks. A strong religious faith, an ardent love of liberty, respect for the past, and hope for the future, filled many a youthful heart at that time with earnest desires and eager anticipations. Not all of them were doomed to be fulfilled. Some of them, young and ardent spirits, missed their way, but, after wandering for a while in visionary dreams and empty space, most of these returned to swell the ranks of those who steadily marched onward with a definite

purpose, and helped to form that glorious phalanx, dear to religion, science, and art, whose works and whose writings will prove hereafter one of the greatest glories of their country and their age.

During the two last years Guy had made acquaintance with some of the young writers in the *Avenir*, and though he differed with them in some respects, on the whole he sympathised with their views and feelings. They suited well his ardent character, which enjoyed a struggle. They satisfied his soul, which had a natural tendency towards everything noble and great, and considered all common and low aims as signs of weakness, if not of meanness.

The Marquis de Villiers had often complained of his son's liberal predilections, and there had been many a stormy discussion between them on that subject; but on some points Guy could never be induced to surrender his independence. He submitted to his father, but did not give up his opinions. As to the paramount duty of fidelity to the political creed which their family had always professed, and a determination not to serve the reigning power, they were perfectly agreed. But Guy could not admit that it was right or expedient to remain shut up as it were in an entrenched camp, aloof from all the important questions and interests which, outside the sphere of politics, were enlisting on both sides eager combatants, and to look with stolid indifference on every subject not immediately affecting their own party. Nor could he see that it was incumbent upon him to hold no intercourse with those who differed, indeed, with him in politics, but with whom he sympathised in higher and more important ways. He had always maintained his freedom of thought and action on these two points, justly enough, it must be admitted, if not with sufficient moderation. The Marquis, however, did not approve of shades of opinion, and if he ended by tolerating Guy's views it was from the fear that opposition would goad him further still, and perhaps beyond the limit which, as it was, he had no fear of his transgressing.

The Abbé Gabriel was delighted to see his pupil's ardent character find so safe a vent, and he used all his efforts to bring the Marquis to look indulgently upon what he considered his son's eccentricities. It seemed to him so extraordinary that a father should not see the subject in the same light as he did. "He ought to be so glad," he thought, "to see him up in the clouds, instead of grovelling in the dust!"

His simple, straightforward mind could not understand the way in which human judgment allotted blame in a contrary ratio, as far as it appeared to him, to the gravity of the offence. It seemed to

him marvellous that the Marquis should apparently attach more importance to the orthodoxy of his son's political opinions than to the purity of his private life. When he heard that there were men, and even Christians, in the world, who did not hesitate to shake hands with persons who were openly breaking the law of God, and who would yet refuse to meet with cordiality a political adversary, he was simple enough to feel shocked, and to think all the better of Guy because his ideas of right and wrong differed from those of the world.

"But for all that," the Curé thought, "Guy is only twenty-two!" He was delighted with his present good dispositions, but did not feel any security for the future. Even though his repugnance for vice and love for virtue had hitherto preserved him from all excesses, would it always be so? Was there nothing to fear? . . . And he always sighed when he put to himself this question, for his simplicity did not result from want of experience or from ignorance of the dangers of the world. He knew little or nothing of society, but had been accustomed to dive into the recesses of the human heart, with indulgent charity indeed, but with a full knowledge of the snares, of the deceits, and even of the abysses which it sometimes reveals.

Many anxious reflections had passed through his mind whilst he sat by his fireside after Guy had left him. He remained musing on what had passed between them till the door opened and Pierre Séverin came in. He had come on purpose to inquire how his interview with their young friend had passed off, and in what state of mind he had found him. "I do not know how many things I have to settle with him," he said. "All sorts of papers he must look at and sign. He must not spend this sad evening alone. I am going to the chateau, but I wanted to see you first."

The Curé immediately related to him the conversation he had had with Guy.

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Pierre Séverin. "This indeed is good news, my dear Curé. Now I can go to him at once, and I shall find him, I am sure, in quite a new frame of mind."

"Stop a minute," cried the Curé. "You need not be in such a hurry. As he is now all right you can stay and talk with me a little. What do you think Guy will do? I suppose he will be going away soon?"

"Of course he will," Séverin answered.

"Yes, I was thinking so; and God knows when the dear boy will return, and what he will be like when he comes back to us."

"But what would you have, my dear Curé? You cannot expect

that Guy will spend his life at Villiers between the chateau and the chalet?"

"No—oh, no. It would be impossible, I suppose."

"I conclude he will go to Paris, and that when his deep mourning is over he will mix in the world and amuse himself a little. Hitherto he has had very little liberty, and very little money at his command. Now that he will have plenty of both, we must hope he will not make a bad use of them; but that he will have his fling, we must expect."

"I see what you mean," the Curé said, gently withdrawing from Séverin's hands a pencil he had taken from the writing table and was flourishing about. "But do sit down, Séverin. How can one talk with a man who walks up and down the room and fidgets about? I cannot collect my thoughts, and I have many things I want to say to you."

"Well, here I am ready to hear them," Séverin said, and he sat down in the same place which Guy had occupied a short time before. "What have you to tell me, my dear Curé. Has anything new or of consequence happened since our last meeting?"

The Abbé Gabriel did not answer at once. He made up the fire, got up to light the lamp on the chimney, sat down again, cleared his throat, and at last said—

"My dear Pierre, you say that Guy will amuse himself at Paris. Aye! he will amuse himself. It is all very well to put it in that way. I too wish him every happiness this world can give, and I should not mind his amusing himself if—if I did not know what that really means in the language of the world; and if once Guy—you know it as well as I do—takes to that sort of life it will not be with moderation, and then . . . . ."

Séverin shrugged his shoulders and replied, "But how is it to be helped? And after all Guy is not quite new to the world. It will not be his first visit to Paris, and you know that the friends and companions he likes the best are not devoted to that frivolous life you speak of."

"I grant it," the Curé answered. "What you say is quite true; but will this go on now that he will be sought after, flattered, and made much of by everybody? He is so young, so impetuous, so easily influenced!"

Séverin thought that the Curé's fears were natural, but his remarks somewhat common-place, and that he was detaining him for the purpose of hearing mere truisms. "I do not see what we can do," he answered. "I can suggest only one resource, and it is more in your line than mine. You must pray for him, and

must especially pray—for I see your fears lie in that direction —that the first woman who obtains a hold on his affections may be one whom he can love truly and honourably. In other words, that he may soon meet with the person his mother would have wished him to marry, and who will nobly bear her name and worthily fill her place."

"Ah, indeed, that is just what I am thinking of—just what I wanted to say to you!" exclaimed the Curé. "We quite agree there, my dear Séverin. Everything turns upon it. If this could be secured, goodness, happiness, usefulness, would follow; and, if things go differently, a terrible downfall of our hopes for him may ensue."

"And what of that?" rejoined Séverin, impatiently. "I don't see that we are better off because we settle that in our minds? Besides, if we are to look to this desirable issue, the sooner he goes away and gives himself the chance of meeting with such a wife the better. It is not here he will find her."

The Curé looked up and said, "Pierre, I don't quite agree with you there."

"Why, do you know of any girl in this neighbourhood he could marry? I don't think he knows one to speak to, except Anne."

"No, I suppose not."

"And I presume you would not have the Marquis de Villiers marry my daughter?" Pierre said, with a smile.

"Why not?" the Curé exclaimed. But he was sorry he had uttered the words, when he saw in Pierre Séverin's countenance how deeply they had surprised and annoyed him.

"Monsieur le Curé," he said, "as I cannot believe you would jest on this subject, I must tell you that if such a thought was ever to enter Guy's head, it would be so great a misfortune for all of us that I cannot even suppose it possible. And I own that if any one but you had spoken of it I should feel very much hurt."

"I do not see, my dear Pierre, why you fire up in this way!"

"I fire up because such an idea goes against all my notions of what would be proper—nay, honourable—in my position."

"But why?" the Curé again asked.

"Why, M. le Curé! Well, I own I am surprised you do not see at once my reasons; but if I am to state them, here they are. I have managed and improved these estates for half a life time, and doubled their income. I did it in the interest of my late poor master and his son, without any selfish views. I do not boast of it, but at the same time I feel that this might justly be called in question, supposing the Marquis de Villiers was after all to

propose to the daughter of his agent, who would have thus amply repaid himself for his labours by beguiling his master's son into a marriage unworthy of his rank."

"Unworthy of him! Really, my dear Séverin, you exaggerate immensely. You speak just as the poor Marquis might have done."

"It would not be strange if I was influenced by his opinions in a matter of this kind."

"I do not know where we should stop if we reasoned in that way. Do you think Guy himself would abide by that rule? You almost provoke me, Pierre. You speak as if I wanted Guy to go against his father's wishes; and, indeed, I am not aware that the Marquis ever expressed any on that subject. And I suppose that if I were to remind you that we are not living in an age when quarterings are much thought of, you would call me a radical."

"No, I am of your own way of thinking there, and in another case than my own I should probably advise Guy not to attach importance to considerations of that sort. I grant you that I ought to have said just now—not that it would be unworthy of Guy to think of such a marriage, but that it would be unworthy of me ever to give my consent to it."

"But if he did think of it; and if Anne——"

Séverin hastily broke in. "Do not let us speak any more about it, M. le Curé. What is the use of discussing an imaginary case, and distressing ourselves by arguing about circumstances that do not, thank God, exist; and which would place me in so painful a position? Nothing of the sort is likely to occur. The intimate terms on which Anne and Guy have always been together would in itself preclude it. He will never fall in love unless his imagination is strongly excited. As soon as that happens his heart will be touched. This was the case with his father, and, please God, Guy will not fare worse in his choice. But as to Anne, whom he has known from a baby, he never would think of falling in love with her."

"Are you quite certain of it?"

"Quite; and as to her, you know, I can rely on her prudence and good sense."

"Yes indeed, poor child. She has those merits, and many others also, and I do not yet see sufficient reason why she is to be compelled to give up a happy lot if it should be offered to her—who knows at what a cost of secret struggles and suffering? Those poor young hearts, they do ache so much sometimes But, however, she is your daughter; you must act as you think

right, but I frankly tell you that I do not at all admire your stoical virtue and your inflexible resolution. There is something I don't quite like in it, something proud and overstrained, almost pagan, I should say."

"Oh, come, my dear Curé," cried Séverin, "you are really getting unchristian, uncharitable yourself. You really must forgive me, and as we have been arguing an imaginary case, we can now, I think, shake hands and part in amity."

The Curé smiled, and Séverin, after taking leave of him, walked quickly to the chateau.

CHAPTER XXI.

Anne was in the meantime quietly sitting at home in an arm-chair by the fireside, dressed in deep mourning, and looking pale and harassed. A young man was standing near her, and listening with the most anxious interest to the account she was giving him of all that had happened at the chateau. This was no other than Franz Frank, that friend of Guy's who had been the innocent cause of the scene between him and his father, of which Anne's arm still retained the mark. He had subsequently been received kindly at the chateau, and still more so at the chalet, and he had, perhaps, enjoyed the hours spent in the home of Pierre Séverin more than his visits to the Marquis de Villiers' house. Two years, however, had elapsed since that time. Franz had been in Italy, and had now returned to Paris with a reputation which the success of the first picture he had exhibited had at once established. But in spite of the charm that attends the dawn of fame, and the flattering buzz of public applause, Franz, as soon as he heard of the death of the Marquis, had hastened to Villiers. He valued praise—he had evidently coveted success, but there was something dearer to him than either, and that was his friend.

He was surprised that Guy had not written to him, and suspected that there must be some reason for this silence. It did not seem natural that he should have suffered him to learn the news of his father's death only through a letter from Madame Lamigny, and he no sooner arrived at the Pré Saint Clair than he hurried on towards Villiers, where he arrived just as Madame Séverin and her daughter were leaving the church. He came back with them, after the funeral, to the chalet, and Anne then gave him a full account of all the circumstances that had attended

the Marquis' death. She had not seen Guy since they had met in the oratory, and her impressions were, in consequence, entirely derived from the exaggerated view he had taken of what had passed in his last interview with his father. Franz was very much depressed after hearing her account.

"This is indeed sad," he said, after a long silence. "Guy has energy enough to go through any amount of trial, and some kinds of suffering would rather tend to strengthen his character than to lower it. But then it must not be this sort of trial; not one against which energy is powerless. You are right. Nothing could be worse for him than that."

Anne did not reply, but leant back with her eyes closed, and only opened them to wipe away the tears which now and then kept stealing down her cheeks.

Franz stood near the chimney, silently gazing at the pale face. He thought it prettier than ever, in spite of its worn and sorrowful expression. For a moment his attention wandered from the sad subject which had been engrossing his mind, but it soon reverted to it. "It is getting late," he said. "I must go to the chateau."

As he was moving towards the door, the garden bell rung. Anne started up, and a moment afterwards her father, whom she was expecting, appeared, and with him Guy, whom she did not expect. No sooner did she see Guy than she at once perceived that a happy and unaccountable change had taken place in his expressive countenance. She looked at him in silent astonishment. After greeting his friend in a hurried manner, he turned to Anne, sat down by her side, and in a low voice told her all that had passed between him and the Abbé Gabriel. He pulled out of his pocket the paper he had given him, and explained to her in what way he had been mercifully relieved from the remorse which had made his grief so intolerable.

Anne's countenance brightened up whilst she listened to him, and her eyes seemed to reflect the joy which beamed in his. When he finished speaking, she clasped her hands together, and said, "Thank God! O, thank God!"

Guy, hardly conscious of what he was doing, almost knelt down before her, and taking her little hands between his own, he kissed them. They seemed to forget that there were three persons in the room looking on; but if they had remembered it, it would have made no difference.

It was evident, however, that the witnesses of this little scene

were all surprised. Madame Séverin and Franz did not known what the two were talking about, and could not understand the reason of their joy at the close of so sad a day. As to Pierre Séverin, the pleased look with which he had entered the room had given way to an anxious expression, and when the conversation between Anne and Guy ended in the manner above described he frowned.

Meanwhile, Guy was telling Franz how happy he was to see him, and announcing his intention of carrying him off to the chateau, and keeping him there with him for an indefinite time. Accordingly, after taking leave of Séverin and his wife, and once more pressing Anne's hand, while he whispered to her that she was to repeat to her mother all he had told her, he went away with Franz. The two friends walked slowly together towards the chateau, hardly conscious of the coldness of the night, so engrossed were they with the subjects which they were longing to talk over.

Anne, when they were gone, began to tell her parents all that Guy said to her. She did not notice at first that her mother was the only listener. But when she had done speaking, and when, before going to bed, she went up as usual to her father to kiss him, she was quite taken aback by the cold and severe manner, so different from his usual tenderness, with which he looked at her. "What is the matter?" she exclaimed, in a faltering voice. "What have I done?"

M. Séverin, as soon as she made this exclamation, seemed to recollect himself, and his countenance resumed its naturally good-humoured expression. "Nothing, nothing, my little girl," he answered. "Kiss me, and go to bed. Kiss me again," he added, fondly detaining her in his arms. "Do not fret, my child. There is nothing the matter. But go, darling, now. I want to talk to your mother."

CHAPTER XXII.

From that time forward, Guy devoted himself earnestly to all the duties of his new position. Under Séverin's guidance, he gave up several weeks to business, and entered into details by no means congenial to his tastes. He would have willingly abandoned his affairs to the able and careful management of his father's friend; but Séverin was anxious to impress upon him that to look into them himself was a duty he was bound to discharge.

They were arranging one morning a number of papers, when a letter with a black edge was brought to the young Marquis. After glancing at its contents, he gave it to Séverin, and said, "Just read that, and tell me what it means."

"Ah, poor Devereux! he too is dead!" exclaimed Séverin.

"That Mr. Devereux my father used to talk of sometimes! Whom he knew in England in the time of the emigration?"

"Exactly so."

"Where, and when did he die?"

"From what I gather from this letter, it must have been two months ago, and at Calcutta, where he was Solicitor-General."

"Oh, true! I remember my father said so. But who writes to him, and what child does the letter allude to?"

Séverin looked again at the letter, and read aloud the following sentence:—"As to the poor child whom you are expecting, it will be impossible for her to set off before she has a little recovered the shock of these sad tidings."

Séverin glanced at the signature, "Cecilia Morton." At first this did not enlighten him, but after thinking a little, he exclaimed, "Of course! This must be Lady Cecilia Morton, sister of Lady Sarah, Mr. Devereux's wife. They were both daughters of the Governor-General of India. I remember hearing your father mention them. He used now and then to receive letters from his old friend."

"But I wonder how Lady Cecilia came to write to him, and who the child is she speaks of. There must be other letters."

They instituted a search, and in the bookcase of the oratory found what they were looking for. The Marquis de Villiers had kept the letters there, as he did everything connected with Charlotte's memory. Henry Devereux had lost his wife five years after their marriage. He had one little girl, whose birth he had announced to the Marquis. Soon afterwards, he had informed him of the death of Lady Sarah. When the Marquise de Villiers died, her husband found a sort of consolation in writing to one who had loved her, and suffered so much on her account, and afterwards from a bereavement similar to his own. His correspondence with Henry Devereux had been one of the secret consolations of his latter years, and the letters had therefore been placed in the shrine where he kept everything nearest to his heart. And thus Guy and Séverin found out that Evelyn Devereux had been sent when she was ten years old to her aunt, Lady Cecilia Morton's, and that Devereux had several times since expressed the wish that his friend could see his

daughter. This reminded Séverin of what had till then escaped his memory.

"I now recollect," he said, "that about a year ago the Marquis spoke to Louisa about this girl, and said that he meant to ask her aunt to let her come and spend a month or two with us here. I had quite forgotten it."

Séverin went on reading the letters, and suddenly exclaimed, "Look here, Guy. This explains what we wanted to know." The letter he gave him, and which was dated from Calcutta, was addressed to the Marquis, and had been written in the spring of that year. It ended as follows:—"The cholera is raging here, and in my present state of health it is particularly likely, I think, to carry me off. I do not much expect ever to see you or your country, or my own, again. I shall not live to see my child! Forgive me if I sadden you by these presentiments. I hope you will not attach more importance to them than they deserve. But in case they should prove true, let me entreat you to continue to take a kind interest in my daughter, and to carry out what you know is my great wish. I have written about it to my sister-in-law, who will communicate with you on the subject. It is the only thought I dwell upon with pleasure. I want my Evelyn to know the friends of my youth. I cannot bear to think of her being a stranger to you and to Louisa Séverin. I know this may seem a strange fancy, but I am bent upon it; and whether I live on in this banishment, or die as soon as I expect, the idea that my child has made acquaintance with you will be my greatest comfort."

Lady Cecilia Morton had evidently complied with her brother-in-law's request, for in a letter from her to the Marquis, dated October 21st, mention was made of her niece's approaching visit to Villiers.

Guy thought a little, and said, "This letter must have arrived here on the 24th, the day before my father's death."

"Yes," Séverin answered. "He must have locked it up with the others the last time he went into the oratory, and we of course never heard a word about it. Now, it appears by the letter you have just received, that the news of Mr. Devereux's death, just as she was about to start, delayed the young lady's coming."

"Strange," Guy said, after a pause; "strange that her father and mine should have died nearly at the same time. What can we do with that girl? I cannot, of course, receive her. Don't you think we had better write to stop her coming?"

"I have no doubt your father meant her to come to the chalet, and not to the castle, though he had not time to mention the subject to us. He knew, you know, from what my wife had said some time before, that we should be willing to receive her."

Madame Séverin turned out to be far more conversant with the whole affair than her husband, who, to say the truth, had not paid much attention to it. She felt very much interested in Henry Devereux's daughter, and very sorry for her. It seemed to them all that the death of the Marquis and of her father was not a reason for neglecting to carry out what had been the wish of both; that, on the contrary, it ought more than ever to induce them to act up to its spirit. They agreed together that Madame Séverin should write to Lady Cecilia and inform her of the death of the Marquis de Villiers, and at the same time renew in her own name the invitation already given to Evelyn Devereux, reminding her that her acceptance of it would be in strict accordance with the desire expressed by her father on his death-bed. In due time a civil but cold note from Lady Cecilia acknowledged the receipt of the letter, and mentioned that early in the ensuing month her niece would go to Villiers. Guy did not pay any more attention to the subject, and hastened to despatch the business which was detaining him at home. He intended, as soon as ever that was done, to go to Paris with Frank.

The Life and Genius of Steele.

I.

THE tourist in Caermarthen, if he will search in the burial register of St. Peter's, may find there a simple entry, —"1729. Sept. 4th. Sir Richard Steel." There is no other monument or inscription to tell the visitor that he has reached the last home of the mortal remains of poor Dick Steele. On that 4th of September, 1729, the people of Caermarthen must have looked from their quiet shops with a curiosity mingled with reverence as the little funeral procession passed through their streets on its way to their parish church. We cannot suppose that the author of the lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff—the man whom the world knew as the friend of the great Mr. Addison—was altogether unknown, unrespected, or unloved, even by the neighbours of his Welsh retirement. Broken with the cares of overwhelming debts, and with a shattered constitution, both, it is to be feared, in great measure the consequences of a thoughtless life, Steele had left London for the last time about the year 1725—

> From perils of a hundred jails
> Withdrew to starve and die in Wales,—

so his retreat was described by Swift. But the Dean did not love Sir Richard, though there had once been a great show of friendship between them, which never quite disappeared on one side; we must therefore look to other authorities for an impartial account of Steele's character and actions. In his fifty-ninth year, a worn out old man, he had retired to a small Welsh property, of which he had become possessed upon his second marriage; he lived at a farm house with a Welsh name, which may, I believe, be translated "the White House," beautifully

situated on a hill half-way between Caermarthen and Llangunnor. He had a house also in King Street, Caermarthen; and it was here that he died. In the little church at Llangunnor an admirer has raised a slab to his memory, with an inscription which the curious may find in *Notes and Queries.** But there is no monument at his burial-place. It might seem, indeed, that Steele had been almost forgotten in the few years of his retirement before his death; in truth, however, there were many minds in which his memory lingered, and many hearts in which all traces of old friendship had not been quite worn out.

Steele could not be quickly or, indeed, at all forgotten; but his fame was dimmed by the brighter sun of his friend Addison. It cannot be doubted that the merit of the *Tatlers* and *Spectators* was for years very unfairly divided between the two companions and fellow-labourers to whom their creation is owing. Simple good-natured Steele would be the last to raise any clamour for his rights; but the never-failing Nemesis has come, if we may judge from the two goodly volumes† which Mr. Montgomery has published with the following passages for his motto. The first is from the *Recollections of S. T. Coleridge*—"He valued Steele much above Addison and the other essayists of that day . . . Steele's papers are easily distinguished to this day, by their pure humanity, springing from the gentleness and kindness of his heart." The second passage is from Hazlitt's *Lectures on the Comic Poets*—"I am far from wishing to depreciate Addison's talents; but I am anxious to do justice to Steele, who was, I think, upon the whole, a less artificial and more original writer."

The most prominent characteristic of Mr. Montgomery's work is an unbounded—almost unqualified—admiration for its hero; and one of its great objects seems to be the vindication of his literary and personal character. In this attempt to do a tardy justice to the memory of Steele, the author of these memorials has been anticipated. The *Quarterly Review* of March, 1855, contains a very powerful

* *Notes and Queries*, 1st Series, vol. 2.

† *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Sir Richard Steele.* By H. R. Montgomery. 2 Vols. 1865.

essay, in which certain aspersions upon the character of Steele, which had appeared in Lord Macaulay's well-known essay on the *Life and Writings of Addison*, were most successfully criticised. Mr. Forster, the writer of the essay in the *Quarterly*, afterwards published this with several other excellent essays of the same kind, in an interesting volume.* Mr. Montgomery, in his Preface, says that he commenced his memoir before Mr. Forster's essay appeared. No one, therefore, can for a moment suggest any plagiarism ; and due credit should certainly be given to Mr. Montgomery for his taste and correct judgment in discerning the beauty which is to be found both in the writings and character of Sir Richard Steele.

The three well-known sketches of Steele, given respectively by Macaulay, Thackeray, and Forster, represent three phases of popular opinion ; at the same time, they are strongly tinged with the characteristics of their authors' minds. They remind us somewhat of a fantastic window, such as we may sometimes find in an old house, looking upon a pleasant garden, with panes of various tints ; so that through one we see the freshness of spring, through another the russet hues of autumn, and through a third, perhaps, the glories of mid-summer. And so it is with Steele. If we look upon him with the eyes of Lord Macaulay, we see little to respect and much to despise ; if with those of Thackeray, we see much to love, very much, also, to pity, and something, too, to raise a smile ; whereas Mr. Forster's version will show us so much to admire, that we shall scarcely notice whatever there may be to condemn. The very variety of these character-sketches will perhaps help to a truer appreciation of that which they exhibit from so many points of view.

Sir Richard Steele was born in Dublin, on the 12th of March, 1671. The misanthropical Dennis, in his bitter attack upon Steele, taunted him with his Irish birth and ancestry. It is not very necessary to defend a man from the charge of being an Irishman ; but, as a matter of fact, it may be observed that Steele derived no title to an Irish

* *Oliver Cromwell, &c.* Biographical Essays. By John Forster. 3rd. edition. 1860.

nationality from any of his ancestors but his mother. His family, it is believed, had been settled in Dublin since about the year 1656, when William Steele, Sir Richard's grandfather, was appointed by Cromwell Lord Chancellor of Ireland. This William Steele was a man of note under the Commonwealth. He was the son of a Richard Steele of Giddy Hall, near Sandbach, in Cheshire, where the family was of old standing. Having eaten his dinners at Gray's Inn, he seems to have been very successful in his profession, was appointed Recorder of London by the Parliament, became Attorney General for the Commonwealth, afterwards rose to be Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and was Lord Chancellor of Ireland till the Restoration. He was twice married; his first wife, Elizabeth Godfrey, of Kent, was Steele's grandmother. Steele's father seems also to have belonged to the legal profession, and was a member of the King's Inn, Dublin; he was private secretary to the Duke of Ormond.* Of Steele's mother not even the name is known with certainty; according to Mr. Montgomery she was a Miss Gascoigne, but he gives us no clue to the source of his information. A member of another Irish branch of the Steele family, writing to *Notes and Queries*, says that Sir Richard's mother was a Miss Devereux, of Wexford. But the question is of as little importance as interest. There is a little sketch of home by Steele himself, which is worth all the pedigrees in the world; it is from the *Tatler*, and has been quoted and requoted, but its beauty is sufficient excuse for quoting it once more:—

> The first sorrow I ever knew, he says, was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a-beating the coffin, and calling "Papa;" for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother catched me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she

* Burke's Landed Gentry. Steele of Rathbride. *Notes and Queries*, 2nd Series, vol. 12, p. 72.

almost smothered me in her embraces; and told me, in a flood of tears, "Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him underground, whence he could never come to us again." She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit; and there was a dignity in her grief, amidst all the wildness of her transport, which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow that, before I was sensible what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since.*

The next memorial of the life of Steele is from the books of the Charterhouse School:—"Nov. 17th, Rich. Steel, admitted for the Duke of Ormond, aged 13 years on 12th of March last." This is the sole record of his school life; but we know that one of his school-fellows was Joseph Addison, and we cannot doubt that in the play-ground of the old Charterhouse were laid the foundations of that life-long friendship to which both Steele and Addison owed so much, and which can never be forgotten while the *Spectator* is an English classic. Steele matriculated at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1689, and became a scholar of Merton in 1691; his name is on the books of this college as first of the Post-masters for that year. It is to be remarked that there is some confusion of dates in the accounts of Steele's life. The date which has been usually given as that of his birth is 1675 or 1676. Chalmers, Miss Aikin, and also Mr. Montgomery, say that Steele was born in 1671, and they ground their statement upon the authority of his baptismal register. Mr. Forster, however, retains the old date, 1675. There can be no doubt that 1671 is the correct date, not merely from the evidence of the baptismal register, which would of itself be conclusive, but also from the corroboratory proof afforded by the entry in the books of the Charterhouse. This entry is dated 1684, and gives Steele's age as "13 years on the 12th of March last." The baptismal register is dated the 12th of March, 1671. An inconvenient result of this inaccuracy of dates in Mr. Forster's essay is that Steele's age is there incorrectly stated whenever it is mentioned. Thus, at the very commencement of the biography, this mistake leads the writer into an ingenious

* *Tatler*. No. 181.

conjecture, the only fault of which is that it is quite inconsistent with fact. "The son of the Dean of Lichfield," says Mr. Forster, of Addison, "was three years older than Steele, who was a lad of only twelve, when, at the age of fifteen, Addison went up to Oxford. Three years at that age are the measure of submission or authority; and, through life, Steele never lost the habit of looking up at his friend." This is a most ingenious and plausible manner of accounting for the feeling of reverence with which Steele always regarded Addison, without ascribing it to the ascendancy of genius and high moral character over a yielding, humble disposition, like that of Steele. Unfortunately, however, for the theory, Addison was not three years older, but one year younger than Steele.

At the University, Steele did little or nothing to distinguish himself. He wrote a comedy, and displayed his want of vanity by burning it when it was condemned by a friend, to whom he had shown it. He wrote a poem upon the death of Queen Mary, entitled the *Procession.* Mr. Montgomery quotes from this poem the lines which he considers the most striking; this "striking" passage, however, has little vigour, and it is very difficult to detect in it any signs of genius to distinguish it from ordinary specimens of school versification. Steele made many friends at the University, and here his school-boy acquaintance with Addison ripened into a maturer friendship. There was one thing, however, not usually thought unimportant in a University career, which he failed to do, or, at all events, did not accomplish—he left the University without taking a degree. His school and college course may be summed up in his own words, which, however, were not, at least avowedly, written to describe personal experiences:—"In my twelfth year, I suffered very much for two or three false concords. At fifteen I was sent to the University, and stayed there for some time; but a drum passing by (being a lover of musick) I listed myself for a soldier,"* This is quoted from an account of the fictitious Mr. Bickerstaff, but some real reminiscences undoubtedly glimmer through the fiction. However, if

* *Tatler.* No. 89.

Steele had sometimes suffered for false concords, he had not suffered in vain, and the scholarship and taste which he afterwards displayed in his writings, show that his opportunities at the University were not altogether wasted.

He left Oxford to enlist as a private in the Horse Guards. It was no mere vagabondism in his nature, as Lord Macaulay seems to suggest, that led him into this strange-looking course.* The rest of his life, though sufficiently imprudent, scarcely bears the stamp of a vagrant spirit; his imprudence in this, as in other like episodes of his history, seems to have arisen from an ill-regulated enthusiasm. We have his own vindication, in which he says that "When he mounted a war-horse, with a great sword in his hand, and planted himself behind King William III. against Louis XIV., he lost the succession to a very good estate in the County of Wexford in Ireland, from the same humour, which he has preserved ever since, of preferring the state of his mind to that of his fortune. When he cocked his hat, put on a broad-sword, jack-boots, and shoulder-belt, under the command of the unfortunate Duke of Ormond, he was not acquainted with his own parts, and did not then know he should ever have been able (as he has since appeared to be, in the case of Dunkirk,) to demolish a fortified town with a goose-quill." Although he had enlisted as a mere private, it was not long before his popular qualities procured his promotion to a cornetcy; nor did good fortune abandon him here, for very shortly afterwards he became Captain Steele of Lucas's fusileers. But the mess-room of Lucas's seems to have had its dangers for a man who was as pleasant a companion as Captain Steele. It has been very commonly said that he began at this time to lead the life of a rake; before judging him, let us listen to his own description of this particular species of sinner. He writes—

> He is a poor unwieldy wretch, that commits faults out of the redundance of his good qualities. His pity and compassion makes him sometimes a bubble to all his fellows, let them be never so much below him in understanding. His desires run away with him through the strength and force of a lively imagina-

* We believe the Guards were originally all gentlemen.

tion, which hurries him on to unlawful pleasures, before reason has power to come to the rescue. . . . There is not a being under the sun so miserable as this—he goes on in a pursuit he himself disapproves, and has no enjoyment, but what is followed by remorse; no relief from remorse but the repetition of his crime. It is possible I may talk of this person with too much indulgence, but I must repeat it, that I think this a character which is the most the object of pity of any one in the world. The man in the pangs of stone, gout, or any acute distemper, is not in so deplorable a condition in the eye of right sense, as he that errs and repents, and repents and errs on.*

We can scarcely doubt that there are twinges of remorse in the earnestness of these words, if, in connection with them, we consider another passage, which is taken from a different source, and in which Steel refers expressly to this life of his in the Guards. In his *Apology for his Life and Writings*, he says, that "When he was an ensign in the Guards, being thoroughly convinced of many things, of which he often repented, and as often repeated, he wrote for his own private use, a little work called the *Christian Hero*, with the design principally to fix upon his mind a strong impression of virtue and religion, in opposition to a stronger propensity to unwarrantable pleasures."

Whether this remedy produced the good effects, which were expected from it, there is scarcely any evidence to show. The *Christian Hero*, as Mr. Forster has pointed out, is neither a book of meditations, nor a manual of devotions; it is a treatise, which any man of the world, wishing to be a good Christian, might have written; its design is to show the beauties of Christianity, its superiority compared with the noblest morals of the Heathen world, and the great mistake made by the social leaders, the wits of Steele's day, in neglecting religion as an element, and the very highest element, in the right government of society. The title-page describes the work as an "Argument proving that no principles but those of religion are sufficient to make a great man;" the dedication is dated from the Tower Guard, March 23rd, 1701. The *Christian Hero* passed through several editions, and

* *Tatler*, No. 27.

so seems to have enjoyed a considerable success. Whatever good effects the *Christian Hero* may have produced upon the morals of its author, its publication certainly seems to have been the ruin of his pleasant relations with his fellow-officers. He tells us that "one or two of his companions thought fit to misuse him and try their valour upon him, and everybody measured the least liberty in his words and actions with the character of a Christian hero." Finding, therefore, that, after his pious treatise, he was not considered so pleasant a fellow as before, he thought it advisable, as he says, to enliven his character, and, with that end, set about writing a comedy.

In 1702, a year after the appearance of the *Christian Hero*, this play, the *Funeral, or Grief à la Mode*, was produced at Drury Lane. The performance was a decided success, and not undeservedly, for the comedy sparkles with a gay unartificial wit, its characters are very truly drawn, and its dialogue has that natural, irrepressible and unaffected flow, which is always the peculiar charm of Steele's style. The first enthusiastic reception of the *Funeral*, if hearty, may have been unappreciative; for the house was packed with Steele's military friends and comrades, who, without doubt, were prepared to seize every opportunity for applause. To them he appealed at the conclusion of the Prologue:—

> He knows h' has numerous friends, nay knows they'll shew it,
> And for the fellow-soldier, save the poet.

There is a stroke of wit in the Undertaker's part in this play, which is well-known, and which Sidney Smith quotes as a model. Sable addresses his mourners :—

"Well, come, you that are to be mourners in this house, put on your sad looks, and walk by me, that I may sort you. Ha, you! a little more upon the dismal—this fellow has a good mortal look—place him near the corpse; that wainscot face must be o' top of the stairs;—that fellow almost in a fright (that looks as if he were in some strange misery) at the entrance of the hall. So—but I'll fix you all myself. Let us have no laughing now, on any provocation. (Makes faces.) Look yonder, that hale, well-looking puppy!—you ungrateful scoundrel,

did I not pity you, take you out of a great man's service, and shew you the pleasure of receiving wages? Did I not give you ten, then fifteen, now twenty shillings a week, to be sorrowful? And the more I give you, I think, the gladder you are."

This comedy is directed, in part, against the abuses of undertakers and lawyers; Puzzle, the type of the latter class, seems, at least in these times, rather too much of a caricature; still his exaggerations may have touched the abuses of Steele's day very sharply. The cleverest character in the comedy is the widow, Lady Brumpton, a crafty, unprincipled and heartless woman. The disclosure to her husband, over whom she had acquired complete control, of her wiles and wickedness, brought about by his recovery from a lethargic sleep, which had been mistaken for death, forms the main plot of the play; there is, of course, a subsidiary love-plot, which ends in the marriage of Lord Brumpton's son, Lord Hardy, and of his friend Campley, to Lady Charlotte and Lady Harriot, two sisters, wards of Lord Brumpton. Lord Hardy and Campley are very good specimens of the "such fine gentlemen," whom Thackeray admired so vastly in Steele's comedies. It is Thackeray, too, who says that the female part of mankind should be peculiarly grateful to Steele, inasmuch as he is the first of the English writers, since the Elizabethan age, who represented or appreciated the true beauties of the female character, and inasmuch as he did this at a time when the taste and judgment of the public had been thoroughly perverted and corrupted by the unnaturally gross literature of the Restoration. Steele was certainly far in advance of his age in his approach to the nobler and more modern conception of a lady. Lady Charlotte and Lady Harriot, in the *Funeral*, though not perhaps answering in every respect to Jenny Distaff's ideal, are very fair specimens of Steele's female characters; compared with the women who may be found in other plays, written at about the same time, they are models of perfection. Indeed one great merit of Steele's plays is, that they are almost entirely free from objectionable passages or incidents, and this merit is enhanced by the fact that they were written

when Congreve and Wycherley and Vanbrugh were popular dramatists, and when managers were not afraid of producing Dryden. It must, nevertheless, be admitted that both in his essays and his plays he is sometimes guilty of inexcusable coarseness. A little incident in connection with a passage from the comedy, which we have been considering, seems to prove that his errors were, in some measure, errors of thoughtlessness. A young lady wrote to the *Spectator*, complaining of an objectionable passage in the *Funeral*; Steele published the letter, and in his character of *Spectator*, condemned the passage most severely; he attributed all such indelicacies to a poverty of invention in their writers—"It is to such a poverty," he says, "we must impute this and all other such sentences in plays."* But he was not satisfied with a bare condemnation, his virtue was not mere clap-trap to catch the popular applause; when a later edition of his plays was published, in 1712, he took care that the offensive passage should be expunged.

Steele's success in his first actual essay in the dramatic art, naturally turned his attention to the walks of literature. He began to see that the goose-quill fitted his hand better than the sword, and he ceased from this time to be Captain Steele except in name. The *Funeral* threw open to him the brilliant society of the wits, who at that time were held together by a true *esprit de corps*, and formed a society which, from the St. James's Coffee-house, and Will's and the Kit-cat, ruled the intellectual fashions of the town. Doubtless at Button's and Will's Steele soon obtained as pleasant a reputation as he had enjoyed in the mess-room of the Guards, and tradition seems to say that among his literary associates—not too sober-minded a confraternity—he relapsed into some of his old military excesses. However, idleness was not at any time his failing; and, in 1703, he again appeared before the public with a second comedy, the *Tender Husband*. It was about this time that Addison returned from his travels, and, according to Steele himself, the *Tender Husband* was, to some extent, their joint composition. Steele never

* *Spectator*, No. 51.

erred in assuming to himself undue merit for any work in which Addison had shared. He says—

> I was much more proud of his long-continued friendship, than I should be of the fame of being thought the author of any writings, which he himself is capable of producing. I remember, when I finished the *Tender Husband*, I told him that there was nothing I so ardently wished, as that we might sometime or other publish a work, written by us both, which should bear the name of the *Monument*, in memory of our friendship. When the play above mentioned was last acted, there were so many applauded strokes in it which I had from the same hand, that I thought very meanly of myself that I had never publicly acknowledged them.

He finishes the paragraph in his own humble, self-depreciating way, with, as he says, "a hint for the better judging of my productions—that the best comment upon them would be an account when the patron to the *Tender Husband* was in England or abroad." Steele talked so earnestly in this manner, that people at last came to believe him ; and the peculiar beauties of his own writings, which later critics have appreciated, served for a long time only to reflect glory upon the brilliant reputation of his friend. The *Tender Husband* was a greater success than the *Funeral*, and, although objectionable in its plot, it contrasts very creditably with the popular comedy of that time.

Steele, who was an enthusiastic admirer of the late King, was a thorough Whig. His first comedy, the *Funeral*, had attracted the attention of William, and Steele said that his name had been written for remembrance on the King's last tablets. Upon the accession of Queen Anne, however, his hopes of favour from Government had well-nigh vanished. But the glorious successes of Marlborough brought the Whig policy into more general favour; Marlborough himself leaned towards the Whigs, inasmuch as he knew that they would support the war. Such was the general condition of party politics when Steele obtained either from Halifax or Sunderland at the request of Addison, or from Harley, through the influence of Maynwaring, or, perhaps, partly from one source, partly from the other, the office of Gazetteer. This was in

May, 1707; and, at the same time, he accepted the post of Gentleman-usher in the household of Prince George of Denmark. Some time before this, in the year after the production of the *Tender Husband*, Steele had written a third comedy called the *Lying Lovers*. This play was acted; but it met with a somewhat extraordinary fate—a fate which gave Steele cause for a boast, which he made in his defence before the House of Commons long afterwards. He said he had proved himself a "Churchman" by writing a play which was condemned "for its piety."

It must have been shortly after the appearance of the *Lying Lovers* that Steele married his first wife. Of her absolutely nothing is known except that she had some property in Barbadoes. In a very few months after this marriage he was a widower. In the Summer of 1707, or perhaps earlier, he seems to have met a Miss Scurlock, the only daughter of Jonathan Scurlock, of Llangunnor, near Caermarthen. After a short wooing, during which the course of true love seems, for once, to have run sufficiently smooth, he was privately married to this lady in the September of 1707; and the marriage appears to have been openly acknowledged shortly afterwards. Thanks to the careful disposition of Steele's second wife, we have a memorial of his private life, his domestic imperfections, and even his careless modes of expression, such as perhaps no other eminent man has left behind him. Mrs. Steele treasured up every scrap of writing that she received from her husband, from the first love-letter, to that last note, in which, eleven years later, he sends her word that he cannot be with her till eight o'clock the next morning, and—much of the lover still—signs himself his "Dear Prue's" most affectionate, most obedient, husband and servant. The letters are in the British Museum; they have been published by Nichols, and they form one of the most valuable parts of Mr. Montgomery's *Life of Steele*. There are very few men, whose characters would escape with honour, or at least with dignity, from a prying, familiar scrutiny, such as these letters afford. No greater praise can be spoken of Steele than that he comes from this trial without loss of honour, and with

scarcely a loss of dignity, but more pleasing and worthy of affection than before. Coleridge had a great admiration for Steele's love-letters, one of which describes the swain's forlorn condition in a very amusing manner: "It is the hardest thing in the world," he writes, "to be in love, and yet attend to business. As for me, all who speak to me find me out, and I must lock myself up, or other people will do it for me. A gentleman asked me this morning, 'What news from Lisbon?' And I answered, 'She is exquisitely handsome.' Another desired when I had been last at Hampton Court. I replied, 'It will be on Tuesday come se'nnight.'" The letter, which Steele wrote to Mrs. Scurlock to ask her for her daughter contains a statement of his income. According to this account, he was receiving annually £670 from his Barbadoes property, £300 from his Gazetteership, and £100 from his office under the Prince; making a total income of £1070 a year.

With means so considerable as these, it might seem that a gentleman, not long since private in the Guards, could have begun life most respectably; and, with an opening to literary fame, such as he had already won, that he might reasonably have hoped for a great career. But Dick Steele was scarcely made for what is usually called a great career. He takes a house for his wife in Berry Street, St. James's, the third door from "Germain" Street. He is now very busily occupied, what with the Gazette and the management of his property; still he finds time to write letters to his wife almost every day, sometimes twice in the same day. They are generally little hurried notes, written in a moment of leisure from Whitehall, or from Lord Sunderland's office, or the Fountain Tavern, or Charing Cross, or the Devil Tavern, Fleet Street, or St. James's Gentleman-usher's Table, or whatever corner of the town he was engaged in either with his business or his pleasure. These tell-tale notes soon show that money began to be something of a rarity with Mr. and Mrs. Steele. The latter seems to have had faults, which her husband must have had some difficulty in understanding; she was inclined to be parsimonious in money-

matters, and, in her manners, she appears to have been petulant and prudish. This last characteristic accounts for the manner in which Steele playfully addresses her. "Dear Prue," appears for the first time in the note, which gives the earliest glimpse of that scarcity of money, of which we are frequently reminded in the course of this correspondence. Writing from the Devil Tavern, Temple Bar (a suspicious circumstance), he encloses for his "Dear Prue," "two guineas, as earnest of more," adding, "I cannot come home to dinner; I languish for your welfare, and will never be a moment careless more." If Steele's letters are too often excuses for little irregularities, if he writes to tell his wife on one occasion, that "he will come within a pint of wine," adding for consolation, "we will drink your health, and Mr. Griffith is your servant;" or, on another, that Mr. Edgcomb, Ned Ash, and Mr. Lumley have desired him to sit an hour with them at the George in Pall Mall, for which he desires his dear wife's patience, and that she will go to bed; still we must not judge him too severely; had he been a bad husband, he would have done all these things, and worse, but he would have written no notes. Indeed, if we think how completely Steele's private life is unveiled, with each domestic scene thrown into the broad daylight, and then, after all, consider what comparatively trivial faults, and how little of what is absolutely disgraceful, have been brought to light, we must allow that he has been very ill used by those who have passed upon him a judgment such as that of Lord Macaulay.

A Narrative of the Days of Persecution.

Part VII.

FATHER Gerard appears not to have been again put to the torture after the time mentioned in our last extract from his Narrative. He gives us the following account of his success in opening communications with his friends:

At the end of three weeks, as far as I can remember, I was able to move my fingers and help myself a little, and even hold a knife. So when I had finished my retreat I asked leave to have some books, but they only allowed me a Bible, which I obtained from my friends in my former prison. I sent to them for some money, by means of which I saw that I should be able to enlist the sympathies of my gaoler, and induce him to allow me things, and even to bring me some books. My friends sent me by him all that I asked for. I got my gaoler to buy some large oranges, a fruit of which he was very fond. But besides gratifying him with a present of them, I meditated making another use of them in time. I now began to exercise my hands a little after dinner. Supper I never took, though it was always allowed: indeed, there was no stint of food in the prison, all being furnished at the Queen's expense; for there were given me daily six small rolls of very good bread. There are different scales of diet fixed in the prison according to the rank of the prisoner; the religious state indeed they take no account of, but only human rank, thus making most of what ought to be esteemed the least.—Well, the exercise which I gave my hands was to cut the peels of these oranges into the form of crosses, and sew them two and two together. I made many of these crosses, and many rosaries also strung on silken cord. Then I asked my gaoler if he would carry some of these crosses and rosaries to my friends in my old prison. He, seeing nothing in this to conpromise him, readily undertook to do so. In the meanwhile I put by some of the orange-juice in a small jug. I was now in want of a pen, but I dared not openly ask for one: nay, even if I had asked and obtained my request, I could at this time have scarcely written, or but very badly: for though I could hold a pen, yet I could hardly feel that I had anything in my fingers. The sense of touch was not recovered for five months, and even then not fully, for I was never without a certain numbness in my hands up to the time of my escape, which was more then six months after the torture. So I begged for a

quill to make myself a tooth-pick, which he readily brought me. I made this into a pen fit for writing, then cutting of a short piece of the pointed end, I fixed it on a small stick. With the rest of the quill I made a tooth-pick, so long that nothing appeared to have been cut off, and this I afterwards showed my gaoler. Then I begged for some paper to wrap up my rosaries and crosses, and obtained his leave also to write a line or two with pencil on the paper, asking my friends to pray for me. All this he allowed, not suspecting that he was carrying anything but what he knew. But I had managed to write on the paper with some orange-juice, telling my friends to write back to me in the same way, but sparingly at first; asking them also to give the bearer a little money, and promise him more as often as he should bring any crosses or rosaries from me, with a few words of my writing to assure them that I was well.

When they received the paper and the rosaries, knowing that I should if possible have written something with orange-juice, as I used to do with them, they immediately retired to a private room and held the paper to a fire. Thus they read all I had written, and wrote back to me in the same way, sending me some comfits or dried sweetmeats wrapped up in the paper on which they had written. We continued this method of communication for about half a year; but we soon proceeded with much greater confidence, when we found that the man never failed to deliver our missives faithfully. For full three months however he had no idea that he was conveying letters to and fro. But after three months I began to ask him to allow me to write with a pencil at greater length, which he permitted. I always gave him these letters open, that he might see what I wrote: and I wrote nothing but spiritual matters that he could see, but on the blank part I had written with orange-juice directions and particular advice for my different friends, about which he knew nothing.

As it happened indeed, I need not have been so circumspect; for the man, as I found out after some time, could not read. He pretended however that he was able, and used to stand and look over my shoulder while I read to him what I had written with pencil. At length it occurred to me that possibly he could not read; so in order to make the trial, while he was looking over the paper, I read it altogether in a different way from what I had written it. After doing this on two or three occasions without his taking any notice, I said openly to him with a smile, that he need not look over my shoulder any more. He acknowledged indeed that he could not read, but said that he took great pleasure in hearing what I read to him. After this he let me write what I would, and carried everything as faithfully as ever. He even provided me with ink, and carried closed letters to and fro between my friends and me. For seeing that I had to do with very few, and those discreet and trustworthy people, and thinking that neither I nor they were likely to betray him, he did just what

we asked him for a consideration, for he always received a stipulated payment. He begged me however not to require him to go so often to the Clink prison, lest suspicion should arise from these frequent visits, which might cause harm not only to him but to me: he proposed therefore that some friends of mine should meet him near the Tower and deliver the letters to him. But I was loath to risk the safety of any one by putting him thus in the man's power. It made no difference to those already in custody; they could without much additional danger hold correspondence with me, and send me anything for my support by way of alms. Besides, I knew that my messenger would not be likely to speak of the letters he carried, as this would be as dangerous for himself as for those to whom he carried them.

Nay, even if he had wished, he could not have done much injury either to me or my friends, because I took good care never to name any of them in my letters. Both before I was in prison and after, I invariably used pseudonyms which were understood by those to whom I wrote: thus, I called one "Brother," another "Son," another "Nephew" or "Friend," and so of their wives, calling this one "Sister," that "Niece," or "Daughter." In this way no one not in the secret could possibly tell whom I meant, even if the letters had been intercepted, which they never were. I may add that even if the letters had been betrayed and read, they could never have been made further use of by the enemy, in allowing them to be carried to their destination to lure the correspondents on till they should compromise themselves, as was sometimes done. For I never wrote now with lemon-juice, as I did once in the Clink; which letter was betrayed to the persecutor Wade, as I before related. The reason of my doing so then was because that was a kind of circular letter which had to be read in one place and then carried to another. Now lemon-juice has this property, that what is written in it can be read in water quite as well as by fire, and when the paper is dried the writing disappears again till it is steeped afresh, or again held to the fire. But anything written with orange-juice is at once washed out by water and cannot be read at all in that way; and if it be held to the fire, though the characters are thus made to appear and can be read, they will not disappear; so that a letter of this sort once read can never be delivered to any one as if it had not been read. The person will see at once that it has been read, and will certainly refuse and disown it if it should contain anything dangerous. It was in this way I knew that my letters always reached my friends and that theirs reached me in safety. And so our correspondence continued; I obtaining sure information of all my friends, and they receiving at my hands the consolation they sought.

In order, however, that matters might go on still more securely, I managed, through some of my friends, that John Lilly's release should be purchased; and from that time I always

got him to bring to my gaoler everything that reached me from the outside. It was through his means too, a little later, that I escaped from the Tower, although nothing certainly was farther from my thoughts when I thus secured his services: all I had in view was to be able to increase my correspondence with safety. This went on for about four months, and after the first month I gave a good time to study by means of books secretly procured.

He gives an account further on of another examination to which he was subjected in the Trinity Term of the same year, after which he was left in peace, the law courts being no longer open. In the course of the summer, he managed to get means of saying Mass in the Tower.

On the last day of July, the anniversary of Our holy Father Ignatius' departure from this life, while I was in meditation, and entertaining a vehement desire of an opportunity for saying Mass, it came into my head that this really might be accomplished in the cell of a certain Catholic gentleman, which lay opposite mine on the other side of a small garden within the Tower. This gentleman had been detained ten years in prison. He had indeed been condemned to death, but the sentence was not carried out. He was in the habit of going up daily on the leads of the building in which he was confined, which he was allowed to use as a place of exercise; here he would salute me, and wait for my blessing on bended knees.

On examining this idea of mine more at leisure, I concluded that the matter was feasible, if I could prevail on my gaoler to allow me to visit this gentleman. For he had a wife who had obtained permission to visit him at fixed times, and bring him changes of linen and other little comforts in a basket; and as this had now gone on for many years, the officers had come not to be so particular in examining the basket as they were at first. I hoped therefore that there would be a possibility of introducing gradually by means of this lady all things necessary for the celebration of Mass, which my friends would supply. Resolving to make the trial, I made a sign to the gentleman to attend to what I was going to indicate to him. I then took pen and paper and made as if I was writing somewhat; then after holding the paper to the fire I made a show of reading it, and lastly I wrapped up one of my crosses in it, and made a sign of sending it over to him. I dare not speak to him across the garden, as what I said would easily have been heard by others. Then I began treating with my gaoler to convey a cross or a rosary for me to my fellow-prisoner, for the same man had charge of both of us, as we were near neighbours. At first he refused, saying that he durst not venture, as he had had no proof of the other prisoner's fidelity in keeping a secret. "For if," said he, "the gentleman's wife were to talk

of this, and it should become known I had done such a thing, it would be all over with me." I reassured him however, and convinced him that such a result was not likely, and, as I added a little bribe, I prevailed upon him as usual to gratify me. He took my letters, and the other received what I sent; but he wrote me nothing back as I had requested him to do. Next morning when he made his appearance on the leads he thanked me by signs, and showed the cross I had sent him.

After three days, as I got no answer from him, I began to suspect the real reason, that is, that he had not read my letter. So I called his attention again, and went through the whole process in greater detail. Thus, I took an orange and squeezed the juice into a little cup, then I took a pen and wrote with the orange-juice, and holding the paper some time before the fire, that the writing might be visible, I perused it before him, trying to make him understand that this was what he should do with my next paper. This time he fathomed my meaning, and thus read the next letter I sent him. He soon sent me a reply, saying that he thought the first time I wanted him to burn the paper, as I had written a few visible words on it with pencil; therefore he had done so. To my proposal moreover he answered, that the thing could be done, if my gaoler would allow me to visit him in the evening and remain with him the next day; and that his wife would bring all the furniture that should be given her for the purpose.

As a next step I sounded the gaoler about allowing me to visit my fellow-prisoner, and proposed he should let me go just once and dine with him, and that he, the gaoler, should have his share in the feast. He refused absolutely, and showed great fear of the possibility of my being seen as I crossed the garden, or lest the Lieutenant might take it into his head to pay me a visit that very day. But as he was never in the habit of visiting me, I argued that it was very improbable that the thing should happen as he feared; and at last he acceded to my request. So I fixed on the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin; and in the meanwhile I told my neighbour to let his wife call at such a place in London, having previously sent word to John Lilly what he should give her to bring. I told him moreover to send a pyx and a number of small hosts, that I might be able to reserve the Blessed Sacrament. He provided all I told him, and the good lady got them safely to her husband's cell. So on the appointed day I went over with my gaoler, and stayed with my fellow-prisoner that night and the next day. In the morning I said Mass, to my great consolation; and that confessor of Christ communicated, after having been so many years deprived of that favour. In this Mass I also consecrated two and twenty particles, which I reserved in the pyx with a corporal; these I took back with me to my cell, and for some days renewed the divine banquet with ever-fresh delight and consolation.

Our Library Table.

1. Domestic Controversies.—2. *Seekers after God.* By the Rev. F. W. Farrar.—3. *Turf Frauds and Turf Practices.* By M. Laing-Meason.—4. Life of Mary Fitzgerald.—5. Marie Eustelle Harpain.—6. Moehler's *Symbolik.*—7. Charlton's *Poems and Plays.*—8.—Nitroglycerine and Dynamite.

1. OUR readers are aware that it is not our custom to notice, without grave necessity, the remarks which may be made from time to time on the articles which appear in these pages. Periodical literature would become very unattractive if it were to be perpetually polemical. There may, however, be exceptions to the rule which we have ordinarily observed, and in the instances on which we are now about to remark we think there is sufficient reason for deviating from it.

The current number of the *Dublin Review* contains, in two separate places, remarks on this periodical, very different in subject and language, and not quite identical in tone. We shall deal with them, as shortly as possible, in the order in which they occur. We are in the first place charged (pp. 547-8), with reference to the doctrine of the Infallibility of the Church, with having used "language which can be understood by malevolent critics as if we did not 'consider the Church infallible in declaring' certain 'protective' and 'deducible' truths which were generally unknown to the Church of the Apostles." In another passage, the *Dublin Review* says that our words are open to "grave misapprehension"—and this time there is no mention of "malevolent critics."

Our readers will, we think, be at a loss to imagine where we have discussed the exact object-matter of the Church's infallibility, and in what article or review in this magazine there has been a single word calling in question the power of the Church to declare "protective" and "deducible" truths. In the absence of any satisfactory answer, they will probably fall back on the true supposition, that some passing expression of ours has been laid hold of, like an unoffending traveller by a policeman, and subjected to scrutiny on pure suspicion. Whatever space we have hitherto devoted to theological controversy has been given to our differences with those who are not Catholics. We believe that our readers will have been grateful to us for refraining from taking part in the discussions on Infallibility which have been lately carried on, and which at one time seemed likely to be interminable. Whatever may be said of controversies with those outside the Church, it is clearly most in accordance with her spirit to shrink from disputations on open questions with our own brethren. Such questions,

in our opinion, are among the most difficult and delicate that can be handled by those who have the vocation, the grace, the training, the commission, and the responsibilities, of the Christian doctorate; they should never be raised, especially on such delicate points as that before us, and especially in Protestant countries, without the most urgent necessity; and they should be conducted in theological schools, and in the theological language, rather than in newspapers, magazines, and reviews. The more highly we venerate the method pursued by the Church in the discussion of theological questions—the more we admire her prudence in regulating both the selection of her champions and the severe and holy discipline under which they have been taught the use of their weapons;—or, again, her singular horror of exaggeration and imprudence of every kind—the more careful shall we be to avoid the possible scandal of reckless and irregular controversy. Without speaking disrespectfully of individuals, we may be permitted, in reference to late disputes, to quote the grave words of one of our most venerated Bishops:—"Much has been written of late, and especially in a portion of our lay periodical press, which, from its general tone, is calculated to leave an impression on the mind of its readers, that English Catholics have not that faith or loyalty towards the Holy and Apostolic See which they ought to have; or at all events, that they do not comprehend what that faith and loyalty require of them. Abstruse questions belonging to doctrine and theological teaching have been discussed on that lay arena as to what is of faith and what is not of faith, as to what is of sin and what is not of sin, and that in a style and after a manner which we will not characterise, but which perplexes and bewilders the faithful, whilst it exhibits us to the non-Catholic world around us, as though, divided like them, the English Catholics know not what they believe, or of what they speak. Nor is this all; for, as we have some reason for knowing, the notion is thus spread abroad amongst our brethren in foreign countries, that our body is disunited on high and low views of doctrine, even as were the Greeks of Constantinople, whilst the enemies of their faith were thundering at their gates" (*Pastoral Letter of the Bishop of Birmingham*, Oct. 13, 1867). It is surely possible that great danger to souls may follow from discussions thus conducted; and their result must at all events be confusion—the sort of confusion which ensues in the ranks of an Eastern army, when the war-elephants, who ought to be charging the foe, get beyond control, and run among the masses on their own side.

Let us now investigate what it is that is "liable to grave misapprehension." Our readers may recollect that a year ago, in a short notice of Mr. Liddon's *Bampton Lectures*, we found fault with a certain passage in which that gentleman had, as we conceived, misrepresented the Church in a very important particular relating to the definition of the Immaculate Conception. Mr. Liddon had drawn a distinction between the definition of the Homoousion in the fourth

century and that of the Immaculate Conception in the nineteenth, the end of which was to meet the very natural objection that those who received the former on the authority of the Church ought not to refuse to receive the latter. We think it likely that Mr. Liddon, who preached his lectures in the spring and early summer of 1866, had in his mind a passage of Archbishop Manning's *Reunion of Christendom*, issued in the course of that spring.* His point was, that there was a difference in the *substance* of the two decrees, and he drew out a long series of contrasts, for which we ventured to find fault with him; and in doing this we were followed, at an interval of some months, by a writer in the *Dublin Review* itself. Our main complaint against Mr. Liddon was, that he misrepresented the Catholic theory, and we drew his attention to the words of the Bull *Ineffabilis Deus*, which distinctly contradicted the view he attempted to fix upon the Church. Mr. Liddon published a second edition of his book a few months ago, in which the passage was considerably altered, though not so much, in our opinion, as to make it a fair representation of the Catholic theory. He also subjoined a courteous note, inserting the passage from the Bull of Pius IX., to which his attention had been directed. But he took the only alternative open to him; he denied flatly that the act of the Church was in accordance with her theory. The Bull said, among other things, that the Church *added nothing* to her dogmas. "The question is," said Mr. Liddon, "whether, if the principle thus stated had been adhered to, the Immaculate Conception could ever have been defined as an article of faith? . . . Should not the *nihil addit* of the Bull alone have sufficed to render the definition impossible? . . . Can the assertion that the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary is a certainty of faith, be really rested on any other ground than an assumption in the modern Church of some power to discern and proclaim truths which were altogether unknown to the Church of the Apostles?" (p. 433.) To which question of Mr. Liddon the MONTH replied, "The very passage from the Bull *Ineffabilis Deus* which he has quoted shows in the most distinct manner that the Church does not assume, and never has assumed, any power 'to discern and proclaim truths altogether unknown to the Church of the Apostles'" (August 1868. Vol. ix., p. 204).

* "Many who ask why the Immaculate Conception has been defined in the nineteenth century, would have asked why the Homoousion was defined in the fourth, or the two natures in One Person in the fifth."—*England and Christendom*, p. 192. The same Prelate, in his *Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost*, selects the doctrines of the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Blessed Eucharist, and the Immaculate Conception, as examples of the *immutability* of the doctrine of the Church. "The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception is no more than the last analysis in a long series of intellectual processes by which the belief of the whole Church from the beginning in the absolute sinlessness of the Mother of God has found its ultimate expression. These four doctrines, as they are propounded now, are identical with the same four doctrines as they were propounded in the beginning."—p. 244.

These words, according to the *Dublin Review*, are open to grave misapprehension. We are unable to see this. The only exception that can be made to them is that they do not explicitly cover the case of dogmatic facts, or of what are called "deducible" and "protective" truths, as to which the Church speaks infallibly; but no one who reads the context can fail to see that it is simply dealing with Mr. Liddon, and answering him in his own words, which have no reference whatever to any truths but such as are laid down as of faith —answering him, moreover, by reference to the passage in the Bull *Ineffabilis Deus* quoted by him, which speaks altogether absolutely and generally, and does not pause to make any reservation for the case of "deducible truths" or of "dogmatic facts." This reference to the Bull is altogether left out in the passage as quoted from us by the *Dublin*, and, as our readers may observe, the critic, in one place where he speaks of the possible malevolence of others, has been so careless as to change the word "altogether" into the word "generally." We consider that, under the circumstances, it is at least hypercritical to make the objection that has been made—for this reason, that the words must be detached from their context in order to be open to the most captious malevolence. If the words "altogether unknown" are not large enough for the *Dublin Review*, at all events it must have seen plainly enough what definitions we were speaking of. We did not qualify our words, because we did not wish to have to qualify the words of the Bull *Ineffabilis*, and because the subject-matter of the discussion required no such qualification.*

* We shall allow ourselves two remarks in return, upon the *Dublin Review*, before we pass from this subject. The first is, that the readers of the article to which we refer will find in it statements as to views which are imputed to us on the questions relating to Infallibility, as to which the writer states that he either "agrees with," or "differs from" us. The reader might imagine that we had made some statements on these subjects. Such is not the case; the propositions in question have been "deduced" from the simple expressions of ours which we have mentioned by the Dublin Reviewer, and he alone is responsible for them. The other remark is, that the notice in question appears to us to have been written without that acquaintance with Mr. Liddon's pages which we might well have expected in the *Dublin Review*. The only time that gentleman is quoted, he is quoted according to his first edition, not according to his second. Again, the writer has quoted one only out of a series of contrasts drawn by Mr. Liddon between the definition of the Homoousion and that of the Immaculate Conception, and he has treated our words which refer to quite another passage in Mr. Liddon's pages as if they referred to this. The writer speaks as if Mr. Liddon had compared the doctrine of the Divinity of our Lord with the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception; whereas the comparison is between the definition of the *Homoousion* and the definition of the Immaculate Conception. For the rest, as the writer speaks about "the whole position of the MONTH," it is simply this:—Mr. Liddon says, "There is *therefore* no real reason for the statement that those who now reject the Immaculate Conception would of old have rejected the Homoousion. There is nothing to show that those who bow with implicit faith before

We now pass on to the second comment on the MONTH in the pages of the *Dublin Review*.* We shall take the liberty of leaving aside all personal and irrelevant topics, and of simply correcting whatever requires correction on account of misconception or misrepresentation. We shall suppose that our own readers have some memory of a notice which we printed two months ago on the subject of a small publication of *Liturgical Rules for Church Choirs*. That notice contained, indeed, a few very general remarks on a discussion relating to the *personnel* of our choirs: but it was throughout written with reference to the spirit of the Church as displayed in those Roman *Instructions*, taken in conjunction with the manner in which they are carried out or enforced. We were aware that this is delicate ground, and we made especial and repeated reservation of the action of authority in the matter. We referred to the state of things in Rome, not at all, as our critic seems to have understood, for the purpose of praising the Roman music as the best in the world, but for the sake of illustrating the manner in which the "ecclesiastical spirit" deals with all matters connected with popular devotion. If we had meant to treat of the question of music simply, we should have spoken very differently. The Italian music is what Italians like, not what Englishmen in general would like. Again, as High Mass is the English devotion, so it is certainly not at all, as far as we know, the Italian devotion. We question much whether any congregation in London and in our other great towns would be content with the parochial services which satisfy the Italians. The fact is, that in Rome itself people are generally content, on ordinary Sundays, with a low Mass, a sermon, and a Benediction, at the latter of which the music is generally one invariable Litany and *Tantum Ergo*. They attend High Mass and Vespers on greater days, but the choirs which perform at the great functions in one church after another are very much the same. There is thus no need for a parochial choir attached to each church; and, although sojourners in Rome are not particularly well acquainted with the *parish* services, we feel no doubt that such choirs, if they exist, are on the most meagre scale. High Mass is reserved for the great festas. As to boys, we have lived nearly five years in Rome, and have very seldom indeed heard a boy's voice in a choir, except where the boys of a College are employed in that capacity, as, on some occasions at least, in the

the Nicene decision are bound, as a matter of consistency, to yield the same deference of heart and thought to the most modern development of doctrine," &c. (p. 434). We say, this is not so, because the same Church has defined both doctrines. Those who say Mr. Liddon is right ought to agree with him, both as to the distinctions which he has laid down, and as to the *inference* (expressed by the word therefore) which he has drawn from them, and also as to their connection with that inference.

* pp. 568—574.

Roman College. We do not believe that there are more boys in Rome singing in ordinary choirs than there are in London. We are not going to argue the point as to ladies over again; but, even as to this, we cannot admit the relevancy of our critic's remarks. The question really is, whether there is anything un-Roman and diametrically contradictory to the ecclesiastical spirit in the tolerance in this respect which has hitherto been practised in Ireland, in England, in some parts of the Continent, and over the whole of North America? We venture to think, and our remarks were meant to suggest, that the fact of that tolerance itself is a proof of the negative.

Now we are quite aware that the writer with whom we are engaged may not go so far as to deny this. But language has been used on his side of the question which has reminded us of certain old extravagances about the utterly unchristian character of any architecture but Gothic architecture. Our present system would never, at all events, have been tolerated as long as it has been tolerated, if it were in itself intolerable. But it has lately been called "utterly Protestant," "at variance with the injunctions of the Holy See," and the like. We justify our expressions about the "ecclesiastical spirit" by this language, which is used by a small but active knot of writers, who certainly seem to us far more wanting in respect to authority than those who have argued in defence of the present practice. The censure thus implied falls on some hundred Bishops of the Catholic Church, who, in what they allow and in what they proscribe, in what they allow for a time and afterwards proscribe, and in what they proscribe for a time and afterwards allow, ought to be considered as far more directly representing to their own people the spirit of Rome and of the Church, than even rules drawn up specially for the regulation of Roman churches. This great and far-reaching principle may not have been forgotten by the writer before us, but it has been forgotten by others.

The remainder of the article which has occasioned these comments in the *Dublin Review* is very simply analyzed. Three paragraphs are devoted to the consideration of the question of "female singers" on grounds of *common propriety* alone; the grounds of ecclesiastical propriety being expressly and repeatedly waived. We have said that, on grounds of simple ordinary propriety, there is nothing objectionable in the fact that two or three ladies sing in an organ-gallery; nor, on the same grounds, are there greater objections to this than to certain possible developments of orchestral accompaniment. We did indeed go so far as to say, that if on grounds of general propriety—*not* of ecclesiastical rule—people could put up with the possible evils of an orchestra, and yet object to the possible evils of a mixed choir, they reminded us of a certain saying about a gnat and a camel. We allude to this because, if we may venture to guess, this it is which has chiefly provoked whatever there is of chastened acerbity in the letter of which we are speaking. We shall simply quote the writer's own words:—

"I have never consciously staked the question on the ground of mere propriety." No one ever said he had. But we were speaking of those who do consider the question on that ground alone. Why, then, should he take to himself, to use another of his own expressions, a cap which did *not* fit him? And why, in his indignant description of this comparison between the two or three ladies and the disorderly and half-Protestant orchestra, does he bring in the element which had been expressly excluded—what the Church objects to and what the Church does not object to?*

There remain but two topics to be noticed in this much-controverted article. One more paragraph is devoted to the question of fact and of experience, a question the most easily settled of all, and as to which we shall only say that it would be altogether contrary to our intention if any words of ours were so misunderstood as that the introduction of the "teaching of music to boys in our schools,"† according to the injunction of the Synod of Oscott, were delayed a single hour in any mission in the country in consequence of them. The last paragraph is devoted to those—certainly not men like the writer in the *Dublin*—who would outrun the Synod's orders by banishing ladies before boys in the schools have been taught music. This question, again, is specially reserved to authorities in the MONTH. Now, as to this passage, we must complain of a little injustice at the hands of our critic. He speaks about being "threatened with the extinction of High Mass," which is even possibly "held over us *in terrorem*," as a consequence of the introduction of "male choirs." The word "threaten" is somewhat invidious, and especially when placed in conjunction with "a prospect held over us *in terrorem*." An opinion is not a threat. He has made us say what we certainly did not mean. "Male choirs" include boys, and we have always made the distinction between mixed and unmixed choirs only. Our critic, then, represents us as saying that if boys are introduced instead of women, High Mass will be extinguished. The MONTH has said this: "There is another alternative *besides* the organisation of a carefully-trained choir of boys . . . . . and that is the cessation of musical Masses altogether." We say, in effect, "If you get rid of ladies *before* you have boys to take their place, you destroy High Mass." Our critic represents us as

* Is it not rather too much to say that the Church does not object to orchestras? We find in the *Observanda* of the Vicar-Apostolic for the London district in 1844, the following order:—*Nullum instrumentum musicum præter organum in Capellis vel Ecclesiis adhibeatur.* We must notice, also, another inaccuracy of this writer. He says "there is no (Catholic) country in which High Mass is not sung at least once on every Sunday, and on many days besides." Is not Ireland a Catholic country? How many High Masses are there on ordinary Sundays in Ireland, or even in the great cities of Ireland? It is the same on the Continent, notably in Italy. If the writer had said "one third or one fourth" of the churches, he would have been more accurate.

† Pueri in scholis musicen edoceantur, ut feminarum, maxime conductarum, voces e choro excludantur."

saying, "If you put boys in the place of ladies, you destroy High Mass." There is, indeed, a sentence at the end of our article which is just like enough to what he has imputed to us to occasion his mistake. We have said, speaking of a different matter—namely, the banishment of modern music—and addressing ourselves to those who wish to get rid of female singers mainly for the sake of making that music impossible,—that if they succeed, we think they are mistaken in supposing that, in the majority of cases, our congregations will prefer attempting the *ancient* music to dispensing with High Mass altogether. Still, even with this, we think our meaning plain enough not to have been mistaken, and considering the cordial and frank kindness which we have hitherto met with from the writer of this letter, we have been the more surprised at the misinterpretation of our words in this place—as well as at another remark, that we "*criticise the language*" of a synodical decree, because in referring to it in the most general terms we happen to add the indisputable fact that the choirs in the churches are "improperly so called,"—and at other remarks as to which we shall say nothing.*

Having said thus much with regard to the attacks which our notice of September has elicited, we may be allowed to add a few words of simple explanation on a far more important point. Our readers will readily believe that our remarks were written under the impression that the practical question—as to the possibility of attaining success in the training of school-boys to perform our present Church music—was perfectly open, and had not been ruled one way or the other by any ecclesiastical authority. Under that impression alone could we have ventured to enter on the discussion; and even under that impression we did so with reluctance, and only with the hope of drawing attention to considerations which appeared to us to have been neglected by former writers. Our readers may also be aware that, in the course of last spring, his Grace the Archbishop of Westminster wrote a short letter to one of those who had taken part in the discussion, in which he warmly approved of the line of argument adopted, and the suggestions made, by that writer. We feel bound to say, that, although some passages of the Archbishop's letter were present to our mind at the time of writing, still we did not remember that his Grace had added to the expression of his opinion, that any sudden change in the choirs of our churches would be unadvisable, the further intimation of a very strong desire to see female singers excluded. "The tradition of the Church," his Grace remarked, "excluding women from choirs is so universal and inflexible that it is not easy

* Of course, any one who reads the passage to which this insinuation about the language of the decree refers will see at once that we are speaking of our choirs in reference to the requirements of the *Liturgical Rules* which are the subject of the notice. We may be allowed to refer to Mr. Nary's admirable pamphlet, by far the most conclusive, to our mind, that has appeared in the *musical* part of the subject—*Our Church Music*, p. 76. See also pp. 41—45.

to understand how it should have been so widely forgotten in this country. I can only conceive that the confusion of all things under the penal laws, the shattered and informal state of the Church in England after its emancipation, our poverty—not only of money—but of culture to do better, and finally, the force of custom in rendering us insensible to many anomalies, have been the real causes of our ever admitting, and of our so long passively tolerating, so visible a deviation from the tradition and mind of the Church." His Grace adds, "A sudden order to remove women singers, while as yet we have no boys trained to take their place, would be inconvenient and inconsiderate. I have not thought it right to issue any such order. But all that I can effect by the strongest expression of desire and persuasion, I shall endeavour to effect." Again, "A little time and care will rear in every school a sufficient number of boys; and I trust that we shall before long have a proper and efficient choir in every church." These words of the Archbishop's are more than enough to make us regret having unintentionally—and, indeed, with a directly contrary intention—put ourselves, so far, in opposition to an authority to which we are always glad to bow with perfect and hearty obedience.

We conclude our contribution to the discussion by remarking, that as we have ventured to justify, against what seemed to us undutiful attacks, the tolerance which the Church has hitherto practised in the matter in question, so we are the last to deny the clear obligation of the decree of the Synod of Oscott, or to desire to see the slightest delay in its execution when that delay cannot be justified by grave inconvenience.

2. The *Sunday Library* is evidently founded on the principle of Syncretism—the absence of a definite creed and dogma—and, consequently, an easy recognition of that which is, truly or otherwise, good in the most conflicting parties and persons. Those who in life might, and did, oppose each other to the uttermost, meet here in a kind of gallery of great and good men, like the late King Louis of Bavaria's Walhalla. So much generally for the *Sunday Library*. Our present object, however, is Mr. Farrar's contribution,* containing sketches of the heathen moralists we have named, which happen at the moment to interest us, as there will be found in the present number of the MONTH an article on Marcus Aurelius, which was in print before the writer met with Mr. Farrar's essay.

Three characters out of antiquity better adapted for a vivid and effective portraiture could hardly have been chosen than Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius. The materials for the first are very copious and vivid; letters and treatises drawn from the heart of daily life. The "Manual" and "Memoirs" of Epictetus, and the "Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius, though less abundant, are suggestive and

* *Seekers after God.* By the Rev. F. W. Farrar, M.A. Macmillans.

striking to an extraordinary degree. It is only surprising that all three have been the favourite studies of comparatively few, which is owing perhaps to the original works not being quite as fluent reading as the *Offices* or the *Memorabilia*. Mr. Farrar, however, makes up for all past neglect, as far as he is concerned, and seems quite prepared to admit at least the philosophic slave and Emperor to a place side by side with Christian Saints. He writes with that enthusiastic admiration which is sure to make a composition lively. As to his treatment of these biographies, it is in the style peculiar to the present epoch of literature; we mean it exhibits a constant effort to make us imagine or understand the persons described by producing parallels out of modern and more familiar history. Thus the Emperor Aurelius is put side by side with King James I. of England; and the jealousy of Nero towards Britannicus is illustrated by a whole list of examples—the feelings of King John towards Prince Arthur, of King Henry IV. towards the Earl of March, of Mary towards Lady Jane Gray, of Elizabeth towards Mary Stuart, of King James towards Lady Arabella Stuart. This method has its advantages. For centuries people wrote of the Greeks and Romans as if they had never really existed, but were some strange nondescript beings, who lived in a world as different from ours as the shadowy realms of the gods of Epicuus. The modern way at least makes them out to have been flesh and blood, people with motives, manners and characters which were possible, and actual, and intelligible. But parallelism in detail may be fatiguing too sometimes.

Another noticeable feature of these essays is inseparable from their object. As "Sunday reading," the writer could hardly help giving them the air of sermons. They are discourses on the character of these virtuous heathen, examined in order to preach about them. We can hardly call this a fault, when it is the very purpose of the book, but it certainly spoils them in a literary point of view, which is the only view in which we can regard them, because they are not exactly the "Sunday reading" Catholics require. Yet we do not think even this purpose need have excluded what we do not find in Mr. Farrar's book, except in a very superficial and inadequate form—a regular analysis of the ethical theory of the Stoics, without which the characters before us cannot be distinctly understood, and which would take away very much from the Christian air which many of their remains unquestionably bear upon the surface. We may note as an inaccuracy in keeping with this deficiency in what we may call the dogmatic part of philosophy, that, after telling us (p. 32), that the founder of the Stoics was, as all know, Zeno, Mr. Farrar goes on to say that "their doctrines were pushed to still more extravagant lengths by the Cynics." Now, the Cynics preceded the Stoics. Diogenes, as we need hardly remind the reader, was a contemporary of Alexander the Great, and the *Floruit* of Zeno is half a century later, under Antigonus Gonatas. In the case of Seneca it would have been desirable to point out—what Mr. Farrar

nowhere notices—the attempt of that philosopher, in his *Letters to Lucilius*, to bring even the ethical prudence of Epicurus into combination with the severer system of Zeno. We suspect, however, that this omission of a sufficiently detailed analysis of the Stoical ethics belongs to the type of Mr. Farrar's mind and party. They avoid any searching logic, but seek everywhere for maxims, thoughts, "guesses at truth," deep sayings, and the like, in which Emerson or Carlyle comes as ready, or better, to their hand, than authors who would compel them without flinching to understand their real position. It has often struck us, by the way, as curious, that we never once saw a quotation from the practical writings of St. Alphonsus Liguori in the works of Protestants, however eager to pick up pregnant sayings from the most heterogeneous quarters. In one place (p. 105), Mr. Farrar, in commenting on the inconsistencies of Seneca, compares him with "the greatest of Christian thinkers—Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Albans," a strange claim, surely, to make for that philosohper, whose merits, as an extraordinary furtherer of the material knowledge and comfort of mankind, we would by no means deny, but whose "Essays," however brilliant displays they may be of knowledge of the world and earthly prudence, fall very far short, on the whole, in greatness of tone and aim, of the "Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius. In the same sentence Mr. Farrar tells us, "not to forget that a Savonarola and a Cranmer recanted under torments." In short, we suppose that enough has been said to prove that Mr. Farrar, though an accomplished, amiable, and pleasing writer, has attempted a task beyond his mark, if the object was the due treatment, either philosophical or theological, of such documents as the remains of these philosophical heroes. An unphilosophical mind is his deficiency in the one case, a want of the only true criterion, which is Catholic faith and dogma, is the deficiency on the other. The one makes him forget their Stoicism, the other, imagine their Christianity to a degree which produces a picture full of false colouring. He allows that the Stoic philosophy "lost in vague Pantheism the unspeakable blessing of realising a personal relation to a personal God and Father," and yet he thinks that to Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus (as also to Socrates), we might "accord without a sense of incongruity, the title of 'holy,'" (p. 335). A charity of this kind is sure to break down in the case of any individual man, because we have no right to pronounce such a decision in favour of this man or that, though we are equally incompetent to deliver an adverse decision. But we do not wonder at Protestants, especially of Mr. Farrar's school, taking up with heathens in this way, their own vagueness of creed assimilating them so much to the position of the philosophers of antiquity. Having said thus much against Mr. Farrar's manner of dealing with his subject—deficiencies for which his religion rather than himself is to blame—we cordially admit his power of grouping a series of highly picturesque facts in such a manner that readers almost wholly unlearned in classical studies might follow his biographical sketches

of characters so remote from our times and society with interest and pleasure. The more necessity, if it be so, for Catholic scholars, competent for such undertakings, to place the rapidly increasing reading public of our own in possession of sounder views on such subjects. France can point to an excellent example of such a scholar in De Champagny, whose historical works are less known among us than they deserve to be. We may add, in conclusion, that much has been done by modern French authors for the illustration of the biography of Seneca, and Mr. Farrar admits his obligations to MM. Aubertin, Fleury, and Troplong.

3. The system, or state of things, or institution, which goes by the name of the *Turf*, is a curious and most characteristic feature of our national physiognomy. Every now and then people can get poetical and almost rapturous on its magnitude and magnificence; the enormous amount of money that is expended in the purchase of yearlings, many of which turn out worthless animals after all; the richness of the prizes contended for, the splendid condition in which celebrated trainers bring their horses to the post, the stimulus which horse-racing is supposed to give—or to have given—to the efforts to improve our breed of horses; or again, the fabulous sums of money occasionally gained by those who have been fortunate enough to have been in the secret of the paramount excellence of some dark "outsider," and the world-wide interest and excitement which are aroused by the approaching decision of some of the great "events" of the sporting year; all these things have from time to time their poets and their panegyrists. Pindar managed to soar "to the lofty regions of the clouds" upon the occasion of the crowning of some conqueror at the Olympian or Isthmian games, and these games were important elements in the national life of the Greeks, who even reckoned their history by Olympiads. The poets of the British turf have as yet hardly rivalled the Dircæan swan; but there are many who count the years of their life by the winners of the Derby. The year in which we write will perhaps be known in English history as the year in which the rendering of justice to Ireland was first practically undertaken by a great Parliamentary party; but a large portion of the community know it simply as "Blue Gown's year." We know of a certain popular clergyman who derived his somewhat singular Christian name from the "Blue Gown" of the year in which he happened to be born. A whole tribe of prophets live on speculations and prognostications of coming events in the world of the turf, and their contributions to the sporting papers, and the sporting columns of ordinary papers, are striking to the uninitiated reader from the strangeness of their language as well as the Delphic and oracular tone of their utterances. Hardly any daily paper is complete without as regular a chronicle of the "odds" as of the state of the funds; and a telegram of the result of the *Grand Prix de Paris* is printed side by side, and in the same

type, with the announcement of a revolution, or of an earthquake. All these things testify to a single fact—that of the universality of the interest felt in the issue of the successive races throughout the year, and in the horses whose names figure prominently as favourites for those races. The truth is, that with us that love of risk and of guessing at the uncertain which is the foundation of the passion of gambling has fastened itself upon horse-racing, as in other countries it fastens itself on the tombola or the lottery.

The majority of people who are in this way so deeply interested in the turf know little and care little about racing in itself. They have no idea of breeding fine and swift horses, of their scientific training, or of that love of victory which so powerfully animated the conquerors whose praises were sung by Pindar. A vast proportion of them seldom see a race, just as a vast proportion of the people interested in party strife never go down to Westminster to hear Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli battle it out. They have their favourite horses, or jockeys, but they would not know them if they were to see them; they are merely names to them, except that they have pinned their fortunes on them to so great an extent. Another large class, the professional men of the turf, frequent the race-courses with laborious and expensive assiduity; but it is not from love of the sport, but from the necessity incumbent on them to be always betting in order to bet with success. The life of these men is as hard as the life of the lawyer worn to death by briefs, the medical practitioner who is always on the go over a large district, of the stokers on the railways, or the workers in the mines. They must attend all the principal meetings, find themselves lodgings everywhere, and travel some thousands of miles every year to boot. These men, again, look upon the horses as so many red or white balls, or black or red cards—the chance of winning or losing might just as well be determined by cards or dice; it is the betting on which they win. There remains a certain class of real sportsmen, who are fond of witnessing races or of training horses simply, but these men are quite overpowered by the huge multitude of simply speculative turfites.

The natural consequence of this state of things is the system of roguery and finesse which has occasioned M. Laing-Meason's amusing little volume.* We think that foreign gambling is more rational in choosing for its subject-matter the numbers drawn by chance in the tombola. This is perfectly simple, and it is over in a moment. No fine sport is spoilt by it; and it gives no opportunity for that trial of moral principle which is inevitable in the English system, where it is so palpably in the power of the owner of a horse to "scratch" him, or of the trainer to "doctor" him, or of the jockey to ride him badly, for the sake of the money which they

* *Turf Frauds and Turf Practices.* By M. R. Laing-Meason. Routledge and Son, 1868.

or others have staked on the success of another. The great object of all, that of winning large sums of money on a race, is necessarily often quite independent of the victory of the best horse. We hear many lamentations over the "decadence" of the turf, and the frequency of turf scandals, but so it must ever be, as long as the sport is subordinate to the betting.

4. There is a tendency in modern times, as there was of old, to separate by too wide a line the religious life, properly so called, of those who serve God in Orders and communities, and the religious life, as it was in its earliest manifestations, so soon after the birth of Christianity itself—the life consecrated to God and His service, even by vow, but still without the outward dress, the entire separation from the world, and the common organisation with which the name of "religion" is now identified. It is not impossible that seasons may return, again and again, in the history of the Church, at which the activity and even the existence of regular Orders may be made difficult or impossible by external circumstances; and at all events it would be narrowing too much the free and manifold operations of Him who "breatheth where He listeth" to suppose that there are not always in the Church a number of souls who are called, not only to perfection in a worldly state, but to an actual consecration to the service of God without entering the walls of a convent or a monastery. Multitudinous as are the religious Orders, there are a great number of persons who can find no religious Order to suit them, and this seems to point to the existence of a large class who, with all due sanction, may devote themselves entirely to the observance of a rule of mortification, piety, and charity, without appearing to be different from their neighbours around them.

The little biography of Mary Fitzgerald,* just published as one of the series called *Our Lady's Little Books*, will give many hints to those who may be inclined to follow out the train of thought which we have just indicated. Miss Fitzgerald did not work long in the world after her conversion, for she spent the last five years of her short life as a Religieuse of the Congregation of the Sacred Heart; but she was better known in London during the time which ensued between her conversion and her entrance into religion than afterwards, and it was that period of her life which, more than any other, had a character of its own. The readers of this little volume will also find in it an interesting account of an institution which sprang up some years ago in Poland, where all regular Orders and all community life are made impossible by the terrible tyranny of Russia. The "Little Servants of the Most Holy Mother of God" were originally poor girls, who lived together in a cottage, supporting themselves by the produce of their garden, or by labour, and working as much as was allowed them for the spiritual good of the other

* *A Child of the Sacred Heart.* Burns and Oates, 1868.

poor and their children. Certainly so simple an institute might be copied or multiplied anywhere.

5. A more complete instance of that life of purity and close union with God in the world, of which we have just been speaking, is to be found in the history of Marie Eustelle Harpain,* the "sempstress of Saint Pallais." She died in 1842, at the age of twenty-eight. Her name is well known in France, where her *Vie et Esprit* were published a year or two after her death under the auspices of Cardinal Villecourt, who had for a time been her director. Her exterior life was a very simple one; she lived and died in her native place; she once made an attempt (for a fortnight) to be a Religious; she was first a sempstress' apprentice, and then a sempstress with apprentices under her; and she was appointed by the Curé of the village to take care of the altar. Her interior life, however, was very varied, and is full of many of the details which meet us in the lives of contemplative Saints. Her great attraction was to honour the Blessed Sacrament, and from this she got the name of *l'Ange de l'Eucharistie.* It requires a good deal of care and of theological knowledge to write well lives such as this, and they are from their very character less interesting to general readers than memoirs containing a greater variety of incident. The writer of the present volume has had the advantage of very copious materials in the French works on which his own work is founded, and Mr. Thompson has discharged his office as editor with his usual diligence and accuracy.

6. With the difference, and with, in some sense, the advantages, of being the work of a German theologian, and not of a French orator, Moehler's *Symbolik* is perhaps the only work of its kind which can take its place by the side of the *History of the Variations* in the list of Catholic controversy against Protestants. A wider range than either of these two books is that of Dr. Newman's *Essay on Development,* and this work might even have surpassed the others in value and controversial force, if it had been the fruit of the learned leisure of a Catholic theologian many years after his conversion, instead of a hurried though mighty effort made at the very moment of a preparation for submission to the Church. Moehler's greatness must be measured, even more than by his actual works, by the great fruitfulness of the school which he created, a fruitfulness, we may hope, by no means as yet exhausted. His great book, of which we are happy to have now before us the third English edition,† has had a very great influence on many minds

* *Life of Marie Eustelle Harpain.* Edited by E. H. Thompson. Burns and Oates, 1868.

† *Symbolism: or, Exposition of the Doctrinal Differences between Catholics and Protestants,* as evinced by their Symbolical writings. By John Adam Moehler, D.D. Translated by J. B. Robertson. Third edition. Catholic Publishing and Bookselling Company, 1868.

in this country, where it has introduced many a High Churchman, for the first time in his life, to something like scientific theology. We rejoice very much to think that this new edition of Mr. Robertson's translation is an evidence that the *Symbolism* has become a standard work which no theological library, even among Protestants, can afford to dispense with.

7. Mr. W. H. Charlton's *Poems and Plays** are chiefly translations from the German. The *Lenorè* of Burger has often before been given us in English; we have also *The Spy*, of Anastasius Grün, and two or three translations from H. Heine, but the bulk of the volume is occupied by two long plays by the author, who calls himself Friedrich Halm—Baron von Münch-Bellinghausen—called the *Son of the Wilderness* and the *Gladiator of Ravenna*. The former of these plays turns on the contrast between the Greek civilisation of Marseilles in the first century after its colonisation by the Phocœans and the wild tribes around the new city; the latter is occupied with the tragic end of the son, wife, and brother of the German Arminius. The son, unborn at the time of his father's death, has been trained up as a gladiator at Ravenna, and is brought to Rome to fight at some shows given by Caligula; his mother is living at Rome in retirement, and his uncle, Flavius Arminius, the traitor, is at the court of the Emperor. The mother, Thusnelda, tries to induce her son to head the German tribes, who are ready to renew the war with Rome, but the young man responds but coldly to her advances and entreaties, and shows himself a simple gladiator. Caligula, in his malice, has arranged that this son of Arminius, Thumelicus, is to be slain in combat in the arena, and that his mother, Thusnelda, is to give the crown to his conqueror; Flavius Arminius being the ædile of the games. Thusnelda stabs her son before the time comes, and then kills herself, Arminius doing the same. Caligula's portrait is carefully drawn, and the play contains the preparation for his assassination, though not its accomplishment. Mr. Charlton's verse is easy and flowing; his own play, *Pausanias*, at the beginning of the volume, is well conceived. We give the following incantation as a specimen:—

EUBULUS.

Aidoneus the mighty! who reign'st with thy bride
O'er the land that is lurid with Phlegethon's tide;
Where many still enter, but few may go forth,
And ev'n thou know'st but scantly what passeth on earth;
But this thou wilt hear—and wilt start at the sound
Of my voice, and my hand, when it beats the dark ground
In the cave of Demeter—the mother of gods,
Where Hermes went down to the dreary abodes,
And brought back her child, who shall gather again
The many-hued flowers of Sicily's plain:

* *Poems and Plays*, Original and Translated. By W. H. Charlton. Longman, 1868.

Six months in the sunshine, and six in the gloom,
With Demeter—with thee—is Persephoné's doom!
Thou didst yield to Demeter, now list the behest
Of the Caller of Spirits, Eubulus, her priest!
From thy realm of the shadows I bid to appear
The soul of the maiden, whose slayer is here;
Send forth Cleonica, nor let them in vain
Still pine for a meeting—the slayer and slain!
(*A pause.*)
No answer! Heap, Lycaon, on the coals
More gums sweet-scented, till a cloud ascend,
Rolling its white folds through the vault! Meantime,
I'll try a stronger spell to force the gates—
The iron gates—behind which stern Aidoneus
Graspeth his two-pronged sceptre, nor doth dream
Of those who yet shall wrest it from his hand.

Ye Powers, who are sleeping
Unreft of your might,
Though numbed by the thunder
Of Zeus in the fight!

Where, 'mid the tall forest
That shuts out the sky,
Round Cronos, the banished,
Ye slumbering lie!

But chief thou, O Gaia!
Whose heart is of fire,
Though icy thy peaks
That to heaven aspire!

Here, deep in thy bosom,
We ask for thine aid;
Where the bones of thy Titans
By mountains o'erlaid,

Cry mutely for vengeance
'Gainst him, who o'erthrew,
And with far-darting fire-bolts
Thy mightiest slew!
(*The earth trembles.*)

Thou hearest! It thrills through
The deep-caverned hall,
When our spells to the mother
Her lost ones recall!

Thou wilt tear from Aidoneus
The soul that I claim;
And the dread gates of iron
Shall melt in thy flame!

(*A sound is heard as of distant thunder. A star appears at the further end of the cavern.*

'Tis done! Thou hast conquered!
Thanks! thanks for that star,
Whose light hath been kindled
In regions afar!

(*The star vanishes, and the Spirit of* CLEONICA *appears in its place.*)

8. The compound, called nitroglycerine, known also as glonoïn, has acquired unenviable notoriety from the many fatal accidents that have attended its use. As it is commonly supposed to be dangerous to an excessive degree, it is worth while to state that, after the most careful examination, it has been proved to be scarcely as dangerous as gunpowder or guncotton. It is necessary, of course, that certain precautions should be taken; but once these are known it becomes a matter of much less difficulty to avoid accidents than with the two other bodies we have mentioned.

We owe the discovery of this interesting body to M. Ascagne Sobrero, who, whilst a student with M. Pelouze, observed that when glycerine was treated with a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids an oily compound separated. This was carefully examined by M. Railton, a student under Dr. Williamson, who had discovered it independently, and the results published in the year 1850. But it was not till about three years ago that, through the exertions of M. Alfred Nobel, a Swedish chemist, it became known as a powerful blasting agent. Its preparation does not differ essentially from that of guncotton; and like that body, to avoid spontaneous decomposition, every care must be taken that the material be pure. To 100 cc. of glycerine 200 cc. of nitric acid are added, and subsequently 200 cc. of sulphuric acid, in a vessel which is cooled below freezing point.* Nitroglycerine soon separates, and may be syphoned off into clean cold water. It is then washed until the wash water gives no acid reaction. When this process has been satisfactorily accomplished it is heated gently in a water bath. Nitroglycerine thus prepared is a light-yellow oily body, somewhat heavier than water. It possesses no odour, but has a sweetish, pungent taste. If only the tip of the finger be wetted with it and placed on the tongue it produces violent headache, which lasts for several hours. This strange property, we are credibly informed, has been utilised by homœopathists. At 106° C it decomposes. At a higher temperature the decomposition may be accompanied with an explosion, but more frequently it takes fire and burns quietly. If a thin film of the material be spread upon an anvil and struck with a hammer the portion immediately below the hammer explodes; the rest is unaffected. If a lighted match be applied to it, it burns quietly as long as the match is alight; but if the match is withdrawn or extinguished it soon ceases to burn. The only means, then, of causing an explosion is concussion of the whole mass. This is effected by means of a copper cap filled with fulminate of mercury. This cap, attached to a fuse, is inserted in the liquid, the fulminate is caused to explode, and the shock is conveyed through the whole mass of the nitroglycerine. Owing to this property, conveyance by railway becomes very dangerous; but M. Nobel has overcome this difficulty by

* The reaction may be represented by the equation:—

$$C_3 H_8 O_3 + 3 HNO_3 = C_3 H_5 (NO_2)_3 O_3 + 3 H_2 O$$

in which 3H is replaced by the compound radical NO_2.

availing himself of its solubility in wood spirit. Its solution is perfectly safe. In this state it has been subjected to most trying experiments, but has never been exploded. Water immediately precipitates it. M. Nobel, since this discovery, has never exported any of the material without the addition of ten per cent. of spirit, which is more than sufficient to render it harmless. Indeed, if nitroglycerine is not crushed out by public opinion, it would be well for the law to enforce this simple expedient. The indefatigable M. Nobel, however, has perhaps even superseded this precaution. He has succeeded in manufacturing this substance in such a manner as to satisfy the most fastidious exactors. He has given the name of "dynamite" to this new preparation. In appearance it is a brown powder, and is somewhat greasy to the touch. It would seem that particles of a silicious earth are saturated with nitroglycerine, but at present the method of manufacture is kept secret. What advantages "dynamite" possesses over raw nitroglycerine will best be seen from the experiments to which it was subjected at Hafvedsta, near Stockholm, presided over by M. Nobel himself, and at the Minera Lime Quarries, Wrexham, which were conducted by two of our own countrymen. A barrel of this substance was placed on a fire; no explosion occurred, but it merely burnt quietly. A similar barrel was dropped from a cliff 180 feet high, the only result being that the barrel was shattered to pieces, and the substance spilt. Had this been simply nitroglycerine, the explosion would have been fearful. To show that it had lost none of its power, an iron cylinder one foot deep and eight inches in diameter, with one-inch bore, was loosely charged with the "dynamite," and exploded by the method before described. The cylinder was rent in twain, and each part cast an incredible distance in an opposite direction. A portion of the substance being placed on a stone and fired with a lighted match, burnt without any explosion; but a similar portion, when treated as above, exploded with great vehemence. Its powers of blasting were also successfully shown. A charge of 1½ lbs. was placed in a horizontal bore nine feet deep. After the explosion it was found that 1,000 tons of stone had been effectually detached. These are only a few of the experiments to which M. Nobel's dynamite was subjected, but they are sufficient to show that greater security has been attained without loss of power. The many advantages it possesses over gunpowder as a blasting agent are likely to gain for it an almost exclusive use. It is unaffected by damp; it does not require that the rock should be bored, as it can be inserted in the natural crevices; it is less dangerous in the hands of workmen who smoke, and has six times the power. It is also cheap.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS
CONCERNING THE
SELECTION OF A SEWING MACHINE
FOR FAMILY USE.

[*The difficulty of selecting from the multitude of sewing machines the one which is most suitable for any purpose, is due mainly to a lack of specific information as to what qualities are desirable. There is little difficulty in detecting the presence, or absence, of those qualities in any machine which may be under examination.*

The following are believed to comprise all the requirements of a thoroughly practicable family sewing machine. They are mere suggestions as to the mode of investigation, however, and are only intended to enable a lady to safely rely on her own judgment. To characterise them as partisan in respect to any particular machine, would be to praise that machine in the highest possible terms. If there is only one machine which fully satisfies every requirement named below, it does not follow that the requirements enumerated are of a partisan character, but rather that there is only one sewing machine that is really practicable for family use.]

1. It should be easy to learn.

Ladies will not generally take the necessary time to master a difficult sewing machine. However useful a machine may be in the hands of a skilled operator, if an apprenticeship be necessary to learn to do good work with it, it will be unused and unprofitable, or, at the best, it will require some person specially qualified to do the family sewing.

2. It should be easy to work.

Every member of the family should be able to use it, including children and invalids. A good, easy-working sewing machine affords pleasant occupation and recreation to children, and assists in teaching them the useful arts of cutting and putting together garments. Ladies in delicate health cannot have more agreeable and healthful exercise than the occasional use of a suitable Family Sewing Machine.

3. It should be easy to change from one kind of work to another.

The "family use" of a sewing machine consists of all sorts of work, one after another; and generally a change in the work requires some change of the machine. Changes of needle, cotton, or both, are frequent. In some machines these changes are easily made; but in others they require time and the careful attention of even a skilful operator.

Before buying, a lady should always set the needle herself, notice whether there is any liability of setting it wrong, whether there is any means of knowing whether it is set wrong or not, and the consequences of setting it wrong; she should remove the cotton, thread up the machine herself, change the tension and length of stitch; and remember that these changes are often required when she has little time to lose.

4. It should be easy to keep in order.

It should require only cleaning and oiling, and should not require skill to do even that. It should never require to be taken to pieces for any purpose whatever; it should be so contrived that no part need be removed to get at any other part. If any derangement occur, as will occasionally be the case in all machinery, both the difficulty and the remedy should be so obvious that no serious consequences can follow. The machine should right itself when the obstacle is removed.

5. It should be simple in its mechanism.

A skilful saleswoman can display the attractive features of any sewing machine, and hide its defects. A machine which is quite worthless in family use on account of the difficulty of managing it, may nevertheless appear very simple in the hands of an experienced operator. A lady should try to learn to use a few of the best machines before buying. She will not then need the caution against a complicated one, having learned a timely lesson from its continual derangements.

6. It should be noiseless.

The old, heavy, cumbersome, noisy style of machinery is very unwelcome in the home circle. A truly noiseless machine does not interrupt reading or conversation.

7. It should be so well made as to require no repairs.

The best made machines, when worked by steam power for manufacturing purposes, will wear out in a few years, but in family use, they will last a generation, accidents excepted.

8. It should do all kinds of work well, and make a strong, secure, and beautiful seam that will stand washing, ironing and wear.

Some machines do light work well, others heavy work; rarely one does both equally well. Family work comprehends every variety; and in no other class of work are beauty and durability so exactingly required.

9. It should make the best stitch.

In regard to the kind of stitch, one should not ordinarily act upon the opinion of any other person. She should subject the different stitches to actual test, and judge for herself.

There are four kinds in common use; the chain stitch, the "lock" stitch, the Grover & Baker stitch, and the Willcox & Gibbs stitch.

The chain stitch is made only by the "cheap" machines, and is believed to be quite worthless: at least the machines are, for they drop stitches and are otherwise defective; it may therefore be left out of the comparison.

The "lock" stitch is made by two threads, one lying nearly straight on the under surface of the work (except on thick cloth, when it is nearly alike on both sides), the other passing through the material and crossing the under thread. This stitch is preferred on heavy leather-work, and is much used on heavy cloth, but on thinner materials, the seam is less satisfactory on account of its inelasticity, and the difficulty of equalising the tensions of the two threads.

The Grover & Baker stitch is made by two threads looped together, one of which passes through the cloth, and with the other forms a ridge upon the under side; the under thread is much finer than the upper, in order to make the ridge as light as possible. This is an excellent embroidery stitch, the most showy of all. It is also in use for general purposes, having an advantage over the "lock" stitch in being easily taken out when desired. The mechanism by which both this and the "lock" stitch are made is, however, very complicated, and much skill is requisite to use it successfully.

The Willcox & Gibbs stitch is made by one thread direct from the reel by the means of a very simple mechanism, which does its work with far greater certainty than any other, and entirely without noise.

In the Willcox & Gibbs seam each loop is firmly twisted around the preceding one, and both ends of the seam are locked by the machine itself. This is the strongest, most secure, and most beautiful stitch in use. If three tucks be made side by side with the three stitches respectively, and cut across at short distances, and the cloth pulled, the lock stitch gives way first *by the drawing out of the stitch*, the Grover & Baker next *by the breaking of the under thread*, the Willcox & Gibbs last.

THE GRAND TRIAL OF SEWING MACHINES.

The manner in which the decisions were made at the Grand Trial of Sewing Machines, held at Island Park, New York, in 1865, distinguishes it as the only trial ever held in which the verdict depended, beyond all doubt, solely upon the capabilities of the competing machines.

The judges were peculiarly competent, two of them being engineers and one a collar manufacturer, one of the engineers and the manufacturer being also sewing machine experts. They tested the competing machines in respect to each of all the items that together constitute the efficiency and utility of a sewing machine, making immediate award of superiority in respect to each item, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators to the trial.

The character of the tests employed is exhibited in the report from which we quote:—

"In regard to the decisions of the "judges upon the several points, it may "be remarked that during the entire "trial there was scarcely an instance "of difference of opinion—as, indeed, "it was hardly possible there could be, "for the plan adopted was itself a "surety both of unanimity and a just "decision; the latter being, in such a "plan, neither more nor less than the "practical solution of a mathematical "problem. For, by separating the re-"spective merits of each machine into "elements, or 'points,' and subjecting "each point separately to the test of "practical work done on each machine "in presence of the judges, their deci-"sion upon each point was reduced to "the simple act of recording the facts "developed.

"For instance: each contestant claims "the most elastic stitch. Then each is "required to sew a seam, side by side, "on the *bias* of a piece of elastic cloth; "and the judge takes the piece, and "stretches it lengthwise of the seams, "till one seam breaks; he still continues "the stretching, but the other seam "refuses to break at all. However "disappointed his expectations, the "judge will hardly enter on the record "that the *broken* seam is the more "elastic.

"Such were the tests, and such the "inevitable decisions."

After a contest of nearly seven hours the Willcox & Gibbs was declared to be the best sewing machine.

The importance of this trial to the public is due to the facts that the questions decided were such as admit of absolute determination, and that the decisions were approved by a multitude of disinterested witnesses.

The following is a summary of the decisions in favour of the Willcox & Gibbs:—

1. It is the simplest.
2. It is the least liable to get out of order.
3. It is the best made machine.
4. It is the cheapest.
5. It is strictly noiseless.
6. It works the easiest.
7. It works the fastest.
8. It cannot be turned backward.
9. It requires the least mechanical skill to operate it.
10. It requires the least time and instruction to learn to use it.
11. It is the most certain and reliable in operation.

NOTE.—It is a fact worthy of remark that, during the entire trial—which continued without intermission for nearly seven hours—not a stitch was missed, nor the cotton once broken, nor a needle broken, or bent, by the Willcox & Gibbs machine. No kind of work was tried upon it that was not accomplished, and done in a perfect and workmanlike manner; and no trial was made that was not entirely successful.

12. The needle is the *shortest.*

13. The needle is *straight.*

14. The needle is *bevelled.*

15. The needle is secured in its place by a patented device, which renders it *self-adjusting,* so that neither skill nor experience is necessary in setting it. It is not so with any other.

16. It uses but *one thread,* and thus avoids the necessity of complicated machinery which is required for two threads.

17. It sews directly from the reel, thus making it unnecessary to rewind the thread.

18. *It makes the "Willcox & Gibbs stitch"—a stitch original with this machine, which, for general purposes, is superior to any other.*

NOTE.—The trial upon this claim was very thorough, and the practical tests minute and accurate. Each machine was required to use cotton from the same reel, make the stitch of the same length, and perform the test work on the same piece of cloth, with the lines of sewing side by side. The results were all decisive, and in *every* test in favour of the Willcox & Gibbs.

19. The seam has the peculiar advantage of being readily taken out when desirable; while it is less liable to rip, in use or wear, than the lock stitch.

NOTE.—This claim also was very severely tested, in the same manner as the last, and with equally positive results —all in favour of the Willcox & Gibbs.

20. The seam is more elastic and stronger than the lock stitch.

21. The seam is more even and beautiful.

22. The seam is *self-fastened.*

23. The tension is more easily adjusted than that of any other.

24. It will do a greater variety of work than any other can do in equal perfection.

25. It is more easily and speedily changed from one kind of work to another.

26. More work can be done with it in a given time than with any other.

27. It embroiders beautifully.

28. It has a shield to protect the operator's dress from the wheel.

29. The needle being secured in a vertical bar, it has important advantages over machines with curved needles attached directly to the needle arm.

30. In consequence of the shorter sweep of the needle, there is much less wear of the cotton from its vibrating through the needle's eye in the act of sewing.

31. A smaller needle can be used with the same size of cotton, which adds to the strength and beauty of the seam, especially on linen or other hard materials.

32. It has the best hemmers.

33. It has the best feller.

34. It has the best braider.

35. It has the best belt.



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CAUTION.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was, undoubtedly, the Inventor of CHLORODYNE; that the story of the Defendant FREEMAN, was deliberately untrue, which, he regretted to say, had been sworn to.—See *Times*, 13th July, 1864.

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THE BEST REMEDY for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, and other Affections of the Throat and Chest. In INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, and WINTER COUGH, they are unfailing. Being free from every hurtful ingredient, they may be taken *by the most delicate female or the youngest child;* while the PUBLIC SPEAKER and PROFESSIONAL SINGER will find them invaluable in allaying the hoarseness and irritation incidental to vocal exertion, and also a powerful auxiliary in the production of MELODIOUS ENUNCIATION.

TESTIMONIAL.

OLD BANK, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON,
Branch of the Stourbridge and Kidderminster Banking Company.
STRATFORD, *May 7th*, 1868.

DEAR SIR,—Having had a severe Cough this winter, I was advised to try your Lozenges, which are invaluable; having purchased one box, costing *only* 1s. 1½d., completely set me up, and must, therefore, strongly recommend them as a certain cure.

I remain your most obedient Servant,
W. HOBBINS,
Manager.

To Mr. KEATING,
79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.

Prepared and Sold in Boxes, 1s. 1½d., and Tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Retail by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors.

CHILDREN'S WORM TABLETS.

KEATING'S.

THE great remedy for these disorders in Children can now be administered IN THE FORM OF A PURELY VEGETABLE SWEETMEAT, at once agreeable and effective.

Prepared and Sold in Tins, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London, E.C., and retail by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors in the world.

Put up in Small Boxes "specially" for post, which will be forwarded on receipt of 14 Stamps.

Hydrographic Office, Admiralty, 30th September, 1867.

SIR,—On Wednesday last my wife purchased at your shop a tin case of your Worm Tablets. She gave only four in three days to my little boy, five and a half years of age, as he has had a sad cough, and looked ill, with a tickling of his nose for the last eight months, and on Saturday afternoon he voided a large worm eight inches in length, and he appears already to be a different child.—Your obedient Servant,
EDWARD DUNSTERVILLE, Commander R.N.

32, St. Augustine Road, Camden New Town, N.W., and Admiralty, S.W.

KEATING'S PERSIAN INSECT DESTROYING POWDER.

FLEAS, Bugs, Cockroaches, Beetles, Ants, Mosquitoes, Moths, &c., are instantly destroyed by this Powder, which is quite harmless to animal life. Imported and sold in Packets, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each; or 1s. Packets free by post, for 12 Postage Stamps, and 2s. 6d. on receipt of 36. Also in bottles with bellows, 1s. 6d. and 3s. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London, E.C.

Red Land, near Highworth, Wilts, June 19, 1867.

SIR,—I am glad to inform you that your Insect Destroying Powder has done its duty towards destroying bugs and fleas, and all sorts of other insects, and as it answers my purpose so well, I want another packet, if you please. With thanks, I remain your humble Servant,
REUBEN ELDRIDGE.

To Mr. Keating.

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